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THE CONSOLATIONS OF ART.

THE play is done, and shadow lies,
Where late the empire of an hour
Waxed great and waned before men's eyes;
And homeward I, with brooding thought
Of art that bravely comes to flower,
And soon is nought.

I dream of art, remembering well
The hopes it gave, that still up-soared,
But one by one defeated fell,
Cast out eternally from Heaven,
Like those lost angels that their Lord
From grace had driven.

So moved, to royal Westminster
Betimes I come, and gladly find
Those stately churches towering there,
Whose walls that Milton saw, we see:
Ah were, I cried, like these my mind!
Great praise might be.

Were strength like theirs that hold the night
With solemn watch, though London sleep,
To arm my soul with steadfast might,
Then fear might end and hope be sure.
Could I like them my vigil keep,
Like them endure.

But they were built twixt hope and fear
By men who took the passing day,
And gave its moments heavenly wear;
Though they who built are darkly gone
Their art remains, and in it they
Are greatly known.

So art is frail, but art is strong;
And he is wise who keeps the way
His soul shall lead, and sings his song,
Or bids dead stone take life and climb, —
So yields his service for a day,
Or for all time.

Macmillan's Magazine.

ERNEST RHYS.

A HOMILY.

THE humblest and frailest grassy blade
That ever the passing breezes swayed
Is of Beauty's palace a green arcade.

Akin to the uttermost stars that burn,
A story the wisest may never learn,
Is the tiny pebble thy footsteps spurn.

In each human heart potential dwell,
Hid from the world and itself as well,
Heights of heaven, abysses of hell.

The core of the earth is fiery young!
No matter what may be said or sung
With a weary brain and a wailing tongue.

Soul! self-pent in a narrow plot,
Longing each morn for some fair lot,
Some bounteous grace which thou hast not,

Dull thou must be not to understand,
And blind thou art not to see at hand
Thy dreams by reality far outspanned;

For wonder lies at thy very door,
And magic thy fireside sits before,
And marvels through every window pour.

Woven the wings of the swift hours be
Of splendor and terror and mystery:
One thing is needful — the eyes to see!
Cornhill Magazine.

A HIGHLY VALUABLE CHAIN OF THOUGHTS.

HAD cigarettes no ashes,
And roses ne'er a thorn,
No man would be a funkier
Of whin, or burn, or bunker.
There were no need for mashies,
The turf would ne'er be torn,
Had cigarettes no ashes,
And roses ne'er a thorn.

HAD cigarettes no ashes,
And roses ne'er a thorn,
The big trout would not ever
Escape into the river.
No gut the salmon smashes
Would leave us all forlorn,
Had cigarettes no ashes
And roses ne'er a thorn.

But 'tis an unideal,
Sad world in which we're born,
And things will go "contrary"
With Martin and with Mary.
And every day the real
Comes bleakly in with morn,
And cigarettes have ashes,
And every rose a thorn.

Longman's Magazine.

SORROW.

SORROW came to him with a pleading face;
He would not rise and bid her enter in;
She seemed to claim in him too large a space,
And he was careless, full of mirth and sin.
So passed she onward. Then it chanced one
day,
When Autumn winds in woods were making
moan,
Again did gentle Sorrow fare that way,
And heard him mourning, for his love had
flown.
So once again she sought him. Reckless, rude,
He bade her enter. Then, with stately mein
She passed, and took possession like a
queen,
And seemed not sorrow, but a joy subdued:
Bringing a shadow, yet, as shadows are,
A blessing, cast from some great light afar.
Spectator. A. G. B.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

JEWISH COLONIES IN PALESTINE.

THE progress of the East is so slow as compared with that of the West, and the survival of ancient things is so marked, when the European leaves the railways of Europe for the baggage-mules of the Levant, that the new-comer is tempted to suppose that the condition of the countries east of the Mediterranean is immutable, and will so remain while the Turkish empire endures. Yet within the last twenty years great changes have come over Syria and Palestine, and the course of events in Cyprus and Egypt has not been without its effect on the neighboring shores. Yet greater changes are actually now commencing to be made, and may perhaps result in the realization of what seemed mere dreams only a dozen years ago.

When, after the bombardment of Acre in 1840, the power of the sultan was re-established in Syria, with the aid of the British fleet, the Turkish government was called upon to rule a region which had long been accustomed to semi-independence, under various native families dwelling at the different "seats" throughout the country. The real power of the pashas was at first small, but gradually increased; and the turbulent hill population of the Samaritan region was finally reduced to submission, through the cruel severity of the Kurdish governors. Great numbers of the peasantry were hanged. The old faction-fights of the Keis and Yemini, and of the small local factions which existed in the cities and even in the villages, were repressed, and the taxes were farmed out, and collected by the aid of a mounted force. But twenty years ago the power of the sultan, in the regions beyond the Jordan, was still nominal; and yet more recently the provincial governor, setting forth to levy tribute from the Beni Sakhr, has been glad to return even with the loss of all his clothing.

The use of repeating-rifles, with which the Turkish mounted police were armed, soon, however, changed this condition of lawlessness to one of law, as the Turks understand the word. The nomads, first driven from the western plains, were afterwards controlled with increasing success,

by the governor whose seat is at the town of Es Salt in Gilead. The power of the true Arabs has year by year decreased on the eastern borders of Syria, and has become extinct west of the Jordan; the power of the Turks has constantly waxed stronger, so that at the present time independence has almost ceased to exist within the borders of the Syrian provinces. The massacres of 1860 at Damascus also led to very important changes in the Lebanon region. The Maronites, under an equitable government, have multiplied and prospered; and their enemies the Druzes, gradually deserting the Lebanon, are now mainly settled on Mount Hermon, and in the broad plains of Bashan. They are among the most independent and turbulent of the sultan's subjects in this region; but are held in check by means of military forts, established by the Damascus government for that object.

The exploration of the country, and the numerous publications to which it gave rise, have also had their effect in the great increase of the annual visitors, who now descend on Palestine in armies at Easter-time, and whose travels are now rather more widely extended than of old, though few comparatively have followed the example of our royal princess, who, in 1882, visited the greater part of the central region beyond the Jordan. This familiarity with Western customs and wants has wrought considerable change in the manners of the peasantry in many regions; and although the change is in some respects not for the better, it seems that the old fanaticism of the Moslems in the mountain regions has been in great degree extinguished, at least as far as outward manner is concerned. The changes are, however, not merely in floating population, or in peasant manners, for the actual residents in Palestine are becoming more numerous, and are increased chiefly from foreign sources. The German colonies, which have now been established for twenty-two years at Jaffa, Haifa, and Jerusalem, have spread, and introduced a European element into the country. The increased power and wealth of individual Jews has led to the purchase of land, in which Jewish capital has been sunk, and

has encouraged other Jews to enter the country.

This influx of Jewish population, which has now been going on with increasing rapidity for about a dozen years, has, during that time, been mainly due to the oppression of the race in Russia. The recent severe edicts which have excluded the Jews from Moscow, forcing them to sell even their synagogues and to fly for their lives, have quite recently given a new and very urgent impulse to the question as to Jewish colonization in Palestine — an impulse from within, not from without, which is for that reason more likely to lead to practical results. Should this movement continue to grow in favor, and to attract the influence and capital of Jewish leaders of weight, we may perhaps be destined to witness a very remarkable historic event — the return of the Jews to their native land — and a change in the condition of Palestine without precedent in modern times. It is proposed here briefly to consider the feasibility and the desirability of such a movement, its chances of success, and the difficulties to be overcome; and to consider also the recent events within the country — such as the construction of railways, and changes of laws which created disabilities for foreigners anxious to settle in the Turkish dominions — which tend to remove difficulties, and to render the result in question more probable.

The recent outcry against the Jews on the Continent was one of the main reasons why the project of a return to Palestine began to be entertained by their leaders. This has been intensified by the recent action of the governor of Moscow. The Jews are perhaps the best organized of civilized people, and recognize more completely than any other race, the duty of providing for those among them who are poor and unfortunate; but the strain on their resources has suddenly become very heavy. It is said that fifteen thousand poor or destitute Jews have arrived in England within six months, and an equally large influx is impending. The laws now being enforced in Russia may lead to the displacement of something like a million of Russian subjects — Jews by race and

by religion; and the question therefore becomes imperious, Where are they to go? and what are they to do if the conditions of existence in Russia itself are rendered insupportable? To answer this we must first know what class of Jews we have to deal with, and what they are able to do; and may also ask what are the reasons why such severity is now being shown towards them, not only in Russia, but also to some extent in Germany, France, and Austria? Nay, even in Britain it has been proposed to introduce some regulations which may stay the influx of such foreign destitute immigrants from the East.

It is usually said that the hatred and persecution of the Jews have always been due to the religious antipathies, to the exclusiveness of the Jews themselves, and to their oppression of those from whom they have exacted usury. They have been called a parasitic nation; but, if we may judge from their distribution, such parasitic life is due — like all other parasitic life — to the indolence and unhealthiness of those on whom they live. Mankind is apt to lay its sins on the shoulders of others, and to reproach others with the natural results of its own actions. A very slight acquaintance with the history of the Jews, and with their present distribution, suffices to show the justice of this view. The prejudice against Jews dates much earlier than the times when Christians of the Middle Ages reproached them with the death of the Christ. Tacitus writes with a bitterness against them which is only equalled by the contempt and dislike expressed by the Roman poets, who describe the Jewish hucksters, and money-lenders, and impostors who infested the capital of the world. Claudius expelled the Jews from Rome some twenty years before they were persecuted by Nero, in times when Jews and Christians were little distinguished in the eyes of the Roman government; but such measures had little effect, and Jews and Jewesses rose to the highest positions of power in the empire before the destruction of Jerusalem, and after its fall. The Roman antipathy to the Jews had little or no religious reason, and other causes must therefore be sought in this case,

causes which no doubt were in operation later as well.

In the early times of Norman persecution religious reasons were often brought forward as the excuse. The well-known story of the Jews of York, who were believed to have entrapped a Christian boy to slay him in connection with the Passover rite, represents a cry which has now for some eighteen centuries been raised, from time to time, in every country where the Jews abode. It is still raised almost every year, not only in Asia but even in Europe. Yet the Jews are not the only people against whom this horrid accusation has been made. The Romans accused the Christians of devouring babes. Fathers of the Church like Cyril accused the Gnostic heretics of "chopping up wretched little children" in their mysteries. The Church of Rome brought the same accusation against the Templars, and there is no more reason why we should credit this ancient calumny in one case than in another. It is to the credit of the Turks that, by special decree, such statements against Jewish subjects of the Porte have been declared to be calumnious.

But while these and other accusations served to stir up the evil feelings of the superstitious and ignorant, there were other more real causes at work. The Norman nobles were not deterred by religious objections from borrowing money of the Hebrew. Costly suits of armor, and every kind of Oriental produce, were bought, and had to be paid for; lands were mortgaged; and in the time when the Normans set out to conquer southern Italy and Sicily, when their success led men to think of other conquests east of the Mediterranean, it can hardly be doubted that the feudal nobles were in considerable monetary difficulties, and found the persecution of the Jews preferable to the payment of their debts, or of the interest on their loans.

When Palestine became a Norman kingdom, they were careful to exclude from it a class which they dreaded; and although money still was borrowed at usurious interest, to support the ruinous expenses of war and feudal service, it was borrowed from the Armenians, Greeks, and Tem-

plars. The Jews were in a very flourishing condition in non-Christian regions of the Levant in the twelfth century; but Benjamin of Tudela, who found them independent at Palmyra, and highly esteemed by the sultans of Damascus and Baghdad — nay, even ruling kingdoms near the Caucasus — met with only a few poor families of Jewish dyers and glass-makers in Palestine.

In our own times the Jew is most hated in those countries where, by superior energy, enterprise, and organization, he has monopolized to a great extent the trade and financial business of the land. In Russia, the people, as a whole, can hardly be regarded as progressive, or eager to work; the mujik's heaven is a state of peaceful and too sober idleness; his simplicity and his laziness lead him to turn a willing ear to the Jew, who proposes to lend him money, to save him trouble, and to bring to his door things which he will not go to fetch for himself, and sometimes cannot so obtain. The day of reckoning is forgotten, and when it comes the wrath of the mujik is easily roused. Contrast with this condition of affairs, which prevails not only in Russia, but wherever an inert and unprogressive people come in contact with a large Jewish population, the case of Scotland, where the people are thrifty, hard-working, of good understanding, and "canny," and where it is said the Jew finds it hard to prosper. No man is obliged to borrow at high interest if he does not live beyond his means; but when he is called to pay his bond, it is no answer to accuse his creditor of slaying babes at the Passover.

The Jew in Russia is also accused of being a dangerous Nihilist with revolutionary opinions. We may, however, be allowed largely to discount such a description, when, on the one hand, we remember what are considered revolutionary opinions in Russia, and how often they are in other lands looked upon as very moderately progressive; and when, on the other, we remember that one of the chief accusations against Jews has been that of obstinate conservatism in retaining their laws, their creed, their customs, their isolated organization, and their peculiar dia-

lects. The Jewish character is conservative rather than revolutionary, and the authority of their own leaders is usually respected and obeyed.

The Jew, in fact, holds to the more backward nations of Europe somewhat the position that the boy who is unpopular, and who will work, in spite of all that is done to distract him, holds at a school. It is clear that this unpopular boy will gain the prizes; that he will raise the standard of work; and that, if extreme measures be not taken, it will become impossible both to neglect work and also to maintain an average position. Therefore the unpopular boy has a bad time of it, and the more he perseveres in working the worse it is for him. In every country where there is money to be made by being early in the field, by enterprise, and by business capacity, the Jew appears. The diamond-buyers, whose shops in Kimberley bear Hebrew names all along the street, the gold merchants of the Transvaal, and many other Jewish colonies of merchants, attest the readiness of the Jew to venture on new fields. When the British expedition went up, in 1884, into Bechuanaland, the Boers along the route shut their doors. The Jewish contractor appeared at once on the scene, supplying all that was wanted at a fair price, and bringing to the columns every sort of delicacy or comfort that could be bought cheap and easily carried. At Vrijburg, where half-a dozen brick cottages represented a Boer capital, there sprang up in six months a town of iron houses, with a hotel having excellent billiard-rooms, and a French cook. All this change was due to Jewish enterprise, and all was intended merely to supply a passing want, for it was foreseen that the recall of the troops would leave hotel and billiard-rooms without a customer.

The successes which have thus been continually gained by Jews, sometimes by fair means, and sometimes by taking unfair advantage of the necessities of others, have, however, been mainly in trade and finance. It is generally doubted whether the Jew will put his hand to the plough, since he appears rather to prefer to buy the crop which others raise. The success of an agricultural colony consisting entirely of Jews has often been doubted; and if such a colony is to succeed, it can only be because the colonists are carefully chosen, and are fitted and willing to lead an agricultural life. That which makes the present movement of practical interest is the determination expressed by the Jews themselves to found agricultural colonies,

and their assertion that colonists skilled in agriculture are to be found among those whom they propose to send out. For this reason it is of real interest to consider what their success is likely to be.

When Nehemiah came to Jerusalem he found grievous complaints against the Jews, that they had become mortgagees of the peasant lands; but it must be remembered that the class that returned with Ezra was not an agricultural class—the Babylonians had left the vine-dressers and tillers of the soil in their own country when they took away captive the priests, princes, and merchants of Judah; and it is notable, from cruciform tablets of sales, that the Jews were trading in Babylon, in land, slaves, and houses, even during their captivity and in later times. In the same way the Jews who about 1880 fled to Palestine, and invaded Jerusalem, made a living by becoming middlemen between the peasants and their customers in the cities. Half a century ago it is said that there were not above eight thousand Jews in Palestine; at the present moment their numbers are reckoned at not less than one hundred thousand, of whom some fifteen thousand are settled in or close to Jerusalem, representing nearly half of the present population of the town. Most of the new-comers arrived in a state bordering on destitution; but have in a few years so increased their means as to be able to buy land and found building clubs, which have raised long streets of houses where there was once nothing but rock to be seen. The arrangement for inhabiting such houses is curious, since the contributors drew lots among themselves for the first tenancy. It is now stated in the Jewish press that the erection of four thousand houses is contemplated along the southern road which leads to Bethlehem. The main difficulty in such building is the water supply; for Jerusalem possesses only one very indifferent spring, and its inhabitants are mainly dependent on rain-water cisterns. This is a very ancient question, and one which in Pilate's time the Romans solved by making two long aqueducts from the springs of Etam and from other fountains south of Bethlehem; but these have been allowed to fall into ruins—the lower one only from time to time, when mended, bringing water to the Temple enclosure, while the upper channel has been entirely deserted. An English company has, however, of late proposed to remedy this defect—although it may be doubted if the available supplies will

be sufficient for a largely increased population.

In addition to these purely Jewish settlements, efforts have been made by the missions to assist the Jews by a special fund, which was intended to found a colony in the low hills west of the city at Artûf. The choice of a site cannot be considered very judicious, since the villages in the valleys suffer much from fever in autumn. Nevertheless, an agricultural centre has actually been founded, and many of the destitute emigrants were thus drawn away from the over-crowded capital. It does not, however, appear that any large proportion of the Jews so assisted by Christian Missions have as yet embraced Christianity; and the action of the mission is regarded with much sorrow by their co-religionists in England, and has had the effect of stirring up many to assist their brethren in the East, rather than leave them to the charity of the Gentiles.

The method whereby these destitute immigrants made their remarkable advance is characteristic and simple. They offered themselves as intermediaries and capitalists, though possessing very little cash. They met the peasants, who were bringing their produce to the capital, at some distance from the gates, and purchased all their stock. The peasants were both willing so to save the loss of time and the uncertainty belonging to a sale in the crowded markets, and were also very willing to shorten their day's journey by several miles. But the Jew did not pay in cash but in small promissory notes, which they had agreed to accept between themselves. By this means the peasant was forced, if he accepted the Jew's offer, either to resell his notes at a discount, or to deal solely with Jewish sellers. These notes were pronounced illegal by the government, and their withdrawal was ordered. The Jews refused to accept them save at a very large discount; the loss fell on the peasantry, and the consequence was that they very soon reappeared in the market. When by these means the Jewish middleman has made a considerable profit, there is no doubt that some will undersell their fellows by offering cash to the peasants; but meantime the city population falls into the hands of Jewish traders, who hold the food-supply in their power; and the increase of prices, and the coercion thus made practicable, cannot be said to have made the Jews popular with the more primitive population, by whom such sudden changes from ancient methods were entirely unforeseen.

It is on the same principles that the newly arrived Jews proceed in other countries. They are willing to work hard for long hours and very small pay, and to live in a manner entirely impossible, or at least most distasteful, to the working classes with which they compete. The result is a "sweating" of Jews by Jews, which has terribly reduced the wages of our towns, and increased our Jewish population to an unprecedented extent. The proposed remedy is the exclusion — partial or complete — of such immigrants in the future; but we may well doubt if such a remedy is likely to be applied, or would be very efficacious if an attempt to enforce it were made. It is contrary to the best traditions of the country to deny asylum to any who are driven out of other lands, and especially so when the new-comers are able and willing to work for bread. It is by such free admission that much of our prosperity has been built up. Iberians, Celts, Saxons, Norsemen, and Normans, have followed each other to England from the Continent, and we have the blood of all of them in our veins; but, in addition to these, England has ever been open to the oppressed or the adventurous from all parts of the world, and not least to the Jews. Had we excluded the Huguenots whom France expelled, we should have never developed some of the industries they taught us. Had the Saxon element alone prevailed, the advance of England in the general progress of civilization would certainly have been delayed by the sluggish temperament which we note in the South African Boer, who is a blood relation of the Saxon.

On the other hand, the Jew is too clever to be restrained by preventive laws, except when enforced with ruthless severity. However often expelled, he finds his way back to the countries where there is something to gain. The names borne by Hebrew families are evidence of the concealment of nationality which became necessary in the Middle Ages in consequence of penal enactments. Under the assumed names, which were either translations or phonetic equivalents for their real ones, the Jews passed as natives of the country in which they dwelt, being much assisted by their facility in learning languages. In short, the energy and genius of this most remarkable people has in all times of modern history enabled them to triumph over the various obstacles which churches and governments have placed in their way.

If, then, the Jew is determined to come

to England, it is next to impossible to close the door. Men may, however, be led when they cannot be driven. It is better to point to some other preferable alternative, and to convince the Jewish leaders of opinion that a cheaper and more effective method exists in dealing with the present emergency, one which is thoroughly in harmony with the aspirations of the race, and which at the same time is more likely to be profitable, both to those who are now in trouble, and also to those who feel it a duty to assist them.

Suggestions from without are not likely to be received with enthusiasm by a proud and able race which has devoted all its energies to the question of securing the interests of the "ancient people," as they delight to call themselves. Suspicion as to motives is at once aroused, and the Jew sees the attempt to proselytize hidden under a humanitarian cloak, or partially avowed as an ultimate result to be gained. But the present movement is from within, and it has consequently stirred an enthusiasm during the past year which seems to increase rather than to diminish. The *Chovevey Sion* association is intended to unite the "friends of Sion" in a powerful organization, having for its object the agricultural colonization of Palestine by Jews expelled from Russia and from Europe; and it already numbers among its leaders several well-known men of influence and wealth. Its affiliated local centres are widely spread, and the number of its adherents is increasing from hundreds to thousands. In spite of the difficulties to be encountered—and in what scheme will no difficulties be found?—it appears destined to affect the fortunes of Palestine, and to make a remarkable change in the distribution, and in the status, of the Jewish race.

The advantages which such a scheme presents are obvious. The Jew of Russia and of the East is very different from the civilized Jew of the West. He has not attained to either the education or the refinement of his more favored brethren, and he is an Oriental, not a European. For this reason he is better fitted at the present time for Oriental life, and for the conditions which prevail in Eastern countries. Moreover, the journey from Russia to Palestine is short and inexpensive, as compared with the task of crossing Europe to reach England. The country is almost next door to the home from which, in Austria or at Moscow, he is likely to be expelled. The question remains, Will he be allowed to return to the

land of his fathers? and will he be able to live there in peace and in prosperity when he gains admission?

From a political point of view, no real objection can be urged, save on the part of the Russians, who are taking energetic action to bring about a result, which has already been prejudicial to their interests, and which in the end may be yet more damaging. The Jews are a peace-loving people, and all their interests are bound up in peace, and in the commerce which so much depends on tranquillity. The persecution of Jews has already rendered abortive the recent Russian attempt to raise money, which may be suspected to be mainly useful for warlike purposes. Public opinion is too strong among the Jews to be disregarded by even the most wealthy and powerful among their great capitalists. No great Hebrew banker can assist a people who are active in ruining Hebrew commerce. On the other hand, the sultan might expect to find useful allies among those who cannot but nourish for many years a bitter resentment against their persecutors. A Jewish population in Palestine would rank on the side of their hosts, were they received with open arms; and would represent a much more powerful interest than do the Circassians, to whom the sultan has already given shelter, settling them in the Jaulan plains, south of Mount Hermon. It may be that such an argument may not appeal to the khalif, who, as the head of Islam, must see with suspicion the increasing power of his non-Moslem subjects; but surely the presence of the Jewish ally is better than the future approach of the Greek Christian enemy. The Moslem population does not increase in Syria; the country is empty, compared with its capability of supporting a population; and appears to be a prey already within the grasp of Russian armies from the East, whenever the signal is given.

To England such a change would be certainly beneficial. It would prevent the dreaded influx of hungry foreigners, and it would establish on the eastern shores of the Mediterranean a population friendly to ourselves, since no other country has treated the Jew with greater justice and consideration than has Great Britain. For such reasons the Jewish proposals should therefore be acceptable to the whole of Europe, with the exception of Russia, who has left herself no real ground for objection.

The objections which are raised by those who claim to be practical critics of

such a scheme are briefly, — first, that the Turkish government will not consent, and will make it impossible for a Jewish colony to succeed; secondly, that the country is already populated, and is little better than a rocky desert; thirdly, that the Jews will never take to agricultural pursuits, being entirely addicted to trade; and lastly, that the movement is "enthusiastic," which in the present time is equivalent to saying that it is a mere religious delusion, not organized by practical men of business.

As regards the first point, it remains to be proved that the sultan is averse to such projects. It is stated in the Jewish press that the restrictions which prevented foreigners from acquiring land in the East have quite recently been withdrawn. They have never really prevented such titles being acquired and recognized. Missionary societies have evaded the law by making purchases through Moslem agents. Jewish and other capitalists have already acquired land, and have prospered in spite of the dreaded *bakshish* system. The financial position of the Jews would probably render it easier for them than for others to overcome the sultan's objections, and they can hardly be recognized as having a common interest with any of those who covet his dominions. The spirit of nationality might no doubt arise among them when gathered in a fatherland; but the Jewish bond of union is religious rather than national, and the Koran places the Jew, and the Christian also, in a different category — as tributaries allowed the exercise of their own creed — from that in which it ranks those who have no "religion of a book." The government of the Porte holds in its gift the waste lands which, according to law, it can bestow without payment on those who are willing to cultivate; and some years ago it was calculated that two hundred thousand acres of such land existed in Lower Galilee, while beyond Jordan the healthy region of Gilead sustains only a very sparse settled population. The ruined condition of the peasantry also makes them willing to dispose of their freehold lands to any purchaser, although such arrangements should be so concluded as not to discourage or dispossess the native population, which, however small, is sturdy and laborious, and better fitted than any other element of population to till the land, under just and favorable conditions.

To say that the country is already populated is to make a statement applicable to

any other part of the world. The new colonies in South Africa already contain so large a Kaffir population that it seems impossible in many parts to find room for white men, without grievous injustice to a law-abiding and peaceful race of original owners; yet we never hear this urged as a reason against colonization in Africa. The whole population of Syria at the present time, in an area considerably larger than Wales, does not probably amount to half the population of London. The only city which can be so called — Damascus — contains not much more than two hundred thousand souls. Beyond Jordan the nomad population, in a region thickly covered with the ruins of towns, vineyards, and olive-yards, with ancient roads and other public works, averages only about seven souls to the square mile. That the country once supported ten times its present population there is abundant evidence, from the ruins which date from the prosperous days of Roman and Byzantine rule. Even under the Norman kings the population was probably much larger than it now is. The country itself attests that there is room and to spare for another million of inhabitants. The impression that Palestine is an unfertile country is probably due to the fact that most visitors travel through its least fertile and most rugged parts. Deserts fringe the Dead Sea, and the chalk plateau to the south of Beersheba is fitted only for pastoral existence in the present condition of its water supply. But, speaking generally as to climate, fertility, and productions, Palestine resembles the south of Italy, which is called from of old the "Garden of the World." In our own country we have stony regions, barren hills, and pastoral wolds, yet England is not regarded as a country unfit for agriculture; and even now, under the most unfavorable conditions, Palestine is still a land of corn and wine and oil.

That the Jews are not an agricultural people is a more serious consideration. They have themselves denied the imputation, and there can be no doubt that one main reason why their attention has been directed to trade, rather than to tillage, lies in the laws which from the Middle Ages downwards have prevented them from acquiring land. It is agriculture that they now propose as an occupation for their colonists, and at first there would be little scope for other occupations. It is, however, undeniable that once settled, successful agriculture must bring in its train mechanical occupations, industries, and

manufactures, and trade with other lands. There is much scope for improvement in mechanical appliances, in architecture, and in commerce, even now; and for a thousand years or more Palestine has been a silk-producing country, the first establishment of the silk-worm in the time of Justinian having been in Cyprus, and on the Syrian coasts.

The final objection which stigmatizes the present movement as "enthusiastic," is one which commonly meets any new proposal. That a deep religious sentiment lies at the hearts of the Hebrew people, cannot be denied. Each year at the Sabbath of "the beginning" they pray that "next year we may be sons of freedom;" but such a sentiment is no passing wave of excitement, though stirred at present more deeply by the troubles of their brethren in Russia. The reports of recent meetings show, moreover, that sentiment alone is not the motive of action. A very practical sense of impending difficulties; a very practical determination to co-operate and to organize; to inquire as to means and possibilities; and to weigh advantages and disadvantages, is to be recognized in the remarks of their speakers, and in the steps taken by their committees. It is strange indeed to hear the Jews accused of an enthusiasm which disregards practical considerations, and thought less capable than others of considering what is best for themselves.

The idea of colonizing Palestine is not a very recent one even among the Jews themselves. In 1878, a series of letters on the subject were asked for and published by the *Jewish Chronicle*, and excited some general interest among its readers. Shortly afterwards the late Mr. Laurence Oliphant took up the subject, and incorporated in his scheme some of the suggestions published in these letters. The result of his efforts, and of his inquiries in Palestine, are embodied in his "Land of Gilead,"* which contains much practical information on the subject. But there were two difficulties not then to be overcome. The first was the refusal of the sultan; the second was a very general opinion that the region which he was led to suggest — namely, the hill-country of Gilead beyond the Jordan — was too remote and difficult of access, and too little protected from the incursions of nomadic tribes. Both these difficulties appear likely to be in time overcome. The sultan may

grant to influential Jewish capitalists what he refused to a single Englishman. The construction of the projected railway from the Mediterranean to Damascus may bring the land of Gilead within a few hours of the coast. This line has already been surveyed along a route pointed out in the before-mentioned letters in 1878, which, crossing the plain of Esdraelon, descends into the Jordan valley by an easy and open valley, passing south of the Sea of Galilee, and gaining the plains of Bashan by a natural ascent. It thus would skirt on the north the very healthy and well-watered region of Gilead, with its oak woods, running streams, and ancient, ruined cities, and would cross the great corn plains of the Hauran, where a rich, volcanic soil already produces corn for exportation.

A second railway, already in course of construction, is intended to make Jerusalem accessible from Jaffa. It crosses the plain of Sharon and reaches the Jewish colony at Artûf, whence it follows a great ravine leading up to the capital of southern Palestine. In the centre of the country the old capital at Shechem is yet more easily to be reached from the coast, though there is no natural harbor near it, the small port made by Herod at Cæsarea being now silted up. As regards other lines, it is to be feared that those proposed by Mr. Oliphant would present considerable engineering difficulties, though in time the connection with the Suez Canal might be expected along the seacoast through Gaza. The main difficulties which have long delayed the making of railways in Palestine have been political and financial rather than mechanical. It seemed impossible that a railway could pay if it depended on the actual population and on the annual visitors to the Holy Land. A sudden increase in population would alter the case; and at the same time the railways, as the pioneers of civilization, would render possible the occupation of lands which, in future, will be reached by a few hours' journey, instead of several days of toilsome march, with pack-animals or camels.

The corn plains of Bashan, though deficient in water-supply, have always been celebrated for their produce. The inhabitants of this plateau are now mainly Druze and Arab; but the ruins of ancient cities of the Roman period attest that the whole region once supported a much larger population. Some trouble may perhaps arise with nomadic tribes; but this is a decreasing difficulty, and the power of the sultan's government in this region is already stronger than it was twelve years

* The Land of Gilead; with Excursions in the Lebanon. By Laurence Oliphant. William Blackwood & Sons: 1880.

ago, when Mr. Oliphant was in Gilead. If such colonization, and such opening up of the country, be effected, Palestine may become a very important source of corn-supply for England. It is less remote than Russia, and could easily compete with India, since the heavy dues of the Suez Canal would be avoided, and the sea passage would be halved. The introduction of better agricultural methods, and the increase of corn-growing area, would make the export trade much more important than it is at present; and the dry climate of Bashan and Gilead is perhaps healthier than that of any other part of Syria, with exception of the southern pastoral deserts. Those who seek to induce colonists to settle in the waterless tracts north of Bechuanaland, or in the feverish regions of the Imperial East African Company, have much less to offer than have those who seek to repopulate an ancient centre of trade and agriculture, such as is found in Palestine. As far as climate and productive soil are concerned, there is no physical reason why Syria should not be equally prosperous with southern Italy, and richer than Greece, or any other region on the east of the Mediterranean. It is a question merely of gaining the consent of the sultan, and of finding the necessary capital, and both these conditions the Jews are setting themselves to fulfil.

In spite of all that has been written on the subject, the popular conception of the Holy Land appears to be that it consists of sandy plains with palm oases, and of barren mountains entirely stony and incapable of cultivation. It is commonly believed that a curse rests on the land, and that the rains have failed, and the plains no longer bloom with flowers. Some indeed have ventured to assert that this curse has quite recently been withdrawn, and that the rains have begun again, these things being the sign of the return of the Jews which is to follow. The truth is, that we have now meteorological observations in Palestine, which show that the climate has been unchanged, at least for the last twenty years; and that the rainfall is equal to that of other Mediterranean lands, though years of drought do still occur as of old. Those who have looked down on the glorious carpet of flowers which covers the Jordan valley in spring; who have heard the wild doves cooing in the oak woods near Nazareth, and have seen the roebuck stealing through the glades of Carmel; who have ridden by the mountain brooks of Gilead, among the

forests of pine and oak; who have seen the corn on the red Sharon and Galilean plains; who have crushed the thyme on Samaritan hills, and sat in the shady gardens where the fig, the olive, the mulberry, the apricot, and many other fruits are grown, — well know that the "good land" is a good land still. The curse that hangs over Palestine is the curse of unjust and unwise government. It is the oppression of the peasant that has ruined agriculture, and made a field of thorns of the corn-field. The greedy pasha, the unjust judge, and the farmer of taxes, have been the instruments of wrath. Nature still offers us corn and wine and oil from broad plains and green mountain walls and shady olive groves; but the tithes, the taxes, and the blackmail of the tax-farmer's guards swallow all the profit which an industrious population might gain from their toil.

If, then, such schemes as those now proposed by the Jews are to succeed — and it seems impossible that when less desirable regions are being occupied by the overflowing population of Europe, Palestine alone should remain empty — it is necessary that precautions should be taken against such abuses, so that the fruits of labor may be for those who toil. It is not possible to hope that the sultan would permit such a system as exists in the Lebanon to be extended to other provinces, though it has worked well, and made the Lebanon government a pattern to other Turkish administrations. It is certain that he would regard with suspicion any proposal to bring under the eye or the guardianship of European powers a country whose inhabitants are chiefly Moslem, and which contains, at Hebron and Jerusalem, two of the chief sanctuaries of the Moslem faith. But it is not necessary that any such proposals should be put forward; all that is required is that the colonists should receive valid titles under Turkish law to their holdings, that the boundaries and rights should be carefully defined, and that the crops should not be assessed standing — which is the greatest of existing abuses — but should be tithed in the grain, and the money paid direct to the Constantinople exchequer, without any of those deductions which local authorities and contractors are accustomed to make. It is also necessary that a proper police should be established, and that the council and leaders of the new settlements should receive recognition similar to that which is already accorded by the government to the chief rabbis in Jerusalem. Against such proposals the official class in Turkey

might perhaps set its face; but without them prosperity is not to be expected, though existence may be possible. They entail no matter of principle contrary to Koran law, and no derogation of the rights or dignity of the sultan.

The attitude of Jewish owners towards the present population of Palestine is equally important. The Moslem peasantry live at peace with both Jews and Christians, much as they did in the days of the early khalifs ruling at Damascus, or when El Mukaddasi in the tenth century, under Moslem rule, complained that the Christians were too powerful, and "unmannerly in public places." It is the foreign agitator who is the cause of massacres. Men of different religions, who have lived side by side for centuries, and have been forced to hold communication with one another, subside as a rule into good-natured contempt, rather than into bitter fanatical antipathies. To the Turkish government the task is allotted to govern them all, and this is done rather at the expense of the Moslems than at that of the Christians. The recent wars, though perhaps bringing heavy charges on the Christian population, actually diminished the Moslems, who went forth to die on the Balkan snows, or to meet the Russians in Armenia, and for the most part those who so were taken away never returned. The Moslem in the country in Palestine is less fanatical than of old, and less confident in the power of Islam; treated with ordinary justice and honesty, he is never impracticable, and is willing to buy and sell with Christian and Jew, though cursing them in his heart as "pagans." Thus, as before said, the object of the Jews should not be to dispossess, but to utilize, the existing peasant population; remembering, however, that injustice or trickery will be resented finally with violence, and that the only method which in the end can succeed is to allow the peasants their share in the prosperity due to their work, and to respect that ancient code of social law which is contrasted by them with the injustice of government, and often called by them "the Laws of Abraham." It is only on such principles of just dealing that the new-comers can consider themselves likely to be successful, or even safe from a combined action of the Moslem population. Such arrangements have often been made, and more than one district can be pointed out in Palestine where a Moslem population works cheerfully for Christian or Jewish landlords, much as the natives of India work under British rulers.

Some difficulties which do not present themselves to the minds of Europeans will perhaps arise among the Jews themselves, on account of the provisions of the law, and the rules laid down in the Talmud. Thus the observation of the Sabbath year, according to the Mishnah, is strictly applicable only to the Holy Land itself. In Syria, beyond the borders of Galilee, it is less strictly applicable according to this ancient authority, and in other countries it is not applicable at all. On the other hand, it has been pointed out that this law, like those concerning the Passover and the Red Heifer, refers to a condition of the Holy Land when the Temple service was still possible. So long as the Temple remains in its present condition, the customs of the Jews in Palestine do not appear substantially to differ from those which they observe in lands of exile. The whole system of the law, as it once existed, awaits the coming of the Messiah before it can be re-enacted.

Whatever be our religious opinions on such a subject as that of the return of the Jews to the land of their fathers, it will perhaps be seen that the subject is quite capable of being treated from a non-"enthusiastic" point of view. One of the main objections applies quite as much to South Africa as to Palestine—namely, the tendency which exists in all such cases to gamble in land, to sell and resell, to make the landed possessions of the speculator a mere counter in a game of considerable duration, during which time nothing is done really to stock or cultivate the country. There is only one means of counteracting this evil, which has been equally felt in America—namely, to make occupation and improvement the only valid titles to the land given to a colonist. By such means the really earnest workman may be secured, and the speculator diverted to other countries, where (as in South Africa) he may grow rich by selling deserts which he has done nothing to reclaim, and holds through a title obtained by cajoling a native chief to sign that which he could not understand, and to give that which by native law belonged, not to himself, but to his people who occupy the land.

In conclusion of this brief sketch of an interesting subject, which may perhaps become one of great importance, it may be added that from the voice of hatred and of prejudice, from those who lay their sins on the bent back of the Jew, and calumniate those who have taken advantage of the weakness and indolence of

other nations, the appeal lies to the voice of genius, as it spoke in England more than three hundred years ago, on this very question of the oppression of the Hebrew:

Hath not a Jew eyes? hath not a Jew hands, organs, dimensions, senses, affections, passions? fed with the same food, hurt with the same weapons, subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer, as a Christian is? If you prick us, do we not bleed? if you tickle us, do we not laugh? if you poison us, do we not die? and if you wrong us, shall we not revenge? If we are like you in the rest we will resemble you in that. If a Jew wrong a Christian, what is his humility?—Revenge. If a Christian wrong a Jew, what should his sufferance be by Christian example?—Why, revenge. The villany you teach me I will execute, and it shall go hard with me but I will better the instruction.

May we not add in our own times a better sequel, "And if you do us no such wrong, but rather remember justice and mercy, what shall be our answer? Surely gratitude."

C. R. CONDER.

From Temple Bar.

TWO OLD MEN.

I LOOKED again at the two old men—I had never seen a queerer couple.

The day had ended in heavy rain, and my chief concern as I rode into the little village (I was on a riding tour with a friend, but we had parted company for four-and-twenty hours) was to find the inn in which I was to pass the night. It was a charming, old-fashioned hostelry I presently discovered; but instead of the leisurely welcome its exterior seemed to promise, the whole place, I found, was crowded, pre-occupied with a big cricketing dinner. A bedroom hardly big enough to hold myself and my portmanteau was all that could be given me; and the question of my own dinner, which I lost no time in bringing forward, presented, it appeared, still greater difficulties. My flushed and pretty young landlady stood eying me doubtfully.

"You can have anything you like, sir," she said, "if you wouldn't mind waiting till the gentlemen have done. They've engaged the public room, and there isn't another place I could put you in. Unless"—something of hungry ferocity in my gaze, perhaps, moving her to fear or compassion—"unless, sir, you wouldn't mind sharing their parlor for this evening with

the two old gentlemen down-stairs. I could lay your dinner there and welcome; you could have it in a minute."

"Madam," I replied, "I am indifferent as to where I eat my dinner, so long as I have something to eat. I assure you I am half famished after my ride. But if, as I suppose, the two gentlemen you speak of have a private parlor, they may very reasonably object to my company."

"Bless you, sir, no," said the friendly woman, "they'll be pleased; it'll be a little change for them. They're a queer old couple, though I shouldn't say it perhaps, one of them being my own cousin by marriage. Not that the marriage was ever one approved of in our family; we're all church people, and he was a dissenting minister in his day. Still, he's a most respectable old gentleman, and the other's his brother-in-law; a master tailor he was, but lost all his money in speculations; a poor weak creature always, I should fancy. Their wives are both dead, poor things, and so the old gentlemen live together, for company as one may say. Well, sir, I'll just have your dinner laid in there, and the maid shall come and tell you when it's ready. You'll like the joint, I dare say; it's but just sent out from the dining-room."

My pretty landlady was voluble, and, hurried as she was, ran through the above information in less than two minutes. In about a quarter of an hour the maid appeared, and leading the way down the narrow staircase, took a lighted lamp from a table in the entry and opened the door into a moderate-sized parlor smelling of tobacco and spirits. A lattice window looked out upon a twilight garden at the back. The girl, setting down the lamp she carried on a centre-table, drew down the yellow blind, shutting out the lingering daylight, and pulled back a chair from a second table set in a corner by the window, where my dinner stood awaiting me. Before seating myself I glanced round the room, harshly illuminated by the crude light of the petroleum lamp.

It was an ordinary inn parlor, low-ceiled, wainscoted with dark painted wood, decorously and durably furnished with black horsehair and mahogany, and crochet chair-backs; there was a faded carpet, a chimney-piece painted to imitate marble, a clock, and a bunch of dried hops stuffed in behind a little gilt mirror. The most decorative object in the room was a pink-and-green fireplace ornament that stood propped awkwardly against the door of the chiffonier. It had been removed to make

place for a little wood fire that burned cheerily on the hearth, cheerily and not unacceptably, since the heavy rain following on a sultry August day had chilled the air. In front of the fire were seated the two old men whose guest, as it were, I involuntarily found myself.

They were seated, the two old men, each in a worn leather armchair, their feet on the shiny, well-blackened fender, a plaid drawn over the knees of one of them. They looked old, and chilly as old men do. Behind them on the square centre-table, covered with a red and black cloth, stood a japanned tea-tray, a pot of tea, a loaf and butter, and a plate of shrimps; a frugal meal that made me half ashamed of my own more sumptuous repast on the other side of the room. The old man who sat with his legs covered up was small and sickly looking; his light, watery eyes and feeble, smiling mouth gave him a vague expression of general amiability, an air of being, as it were, at any one's service at a moment's notice. His yellowish white hair was still thick and combed neatly across his forehead, and he wore a white moustache trimmed with some view to effect; on his knees was a cup of tea that he held with one hand while he spread out the other to the friendly warmth of the blaze. I set him down in my mind as the tailor who had had losses. His companion was a taller and bigger man, and looked older; he was almost bald and his face was extremely wrinkled; he had a long, grizzled beard, a long nose reddened after a fashion that might be reasonably explained by the smell of spirits in the room, and dim old eyes under shaggy eyebrows. He also had a cup of tea; it was set on the table beside him, together with a bottle of rum. I approached the pair, feeling as awkward as I have ever felt in my life.

"I must apologize for my intrusion," I said, "I assure you it is involuntary on my part. I must make our landlady responsible."

Both men looked round at my address; they had hardly noticed my entrance, not distinguishing it, possibly, from that of the maid with the lamp. The bigger man made no immediate response; he stirred his tea, swallowed it, and set down his cup. The little man with the knee-rug exhibited a suaver demeanor. He grasped his cup more firmly and made a movement as if to rise. But the effort, it would appear, was beyond him; he contented himself with affable motions of the head, and a feeble ingratiatory laugh.

"Any gentleman is welcome," he said. "Happy to have your company, indeed, sir. My companion and myself are honored by your presence in our poor parlor. Allow me to offer you some refreshment after your journey, a cup of tea, sir, or a glass of something hot."

"Thank you, but my dinner is ready," I replied; "and as you are good enough to allow my intrusion, I will not stand upon ceremony."

"No ceremony, none at all," said the little old man, waving his disengaged hand. "Allow me, however, sir, to introduce myself and my companion by name. I, sir, am Mr. James Friend at your service, late of High Street, Salchester; and this is my brother-in-law, the Reverend Jonas Lambert, for many years the pillar and ornament of Salem Chapel in that same city. But life is a dream, sir, and vanishes like smoke. I blame no man; no sir, no, no; every gentleman is free to hold his own opinions. I mayn't agree, but there's points I've never meddled with. One may have come to me, and another may have come to me, I've had the same answer for all. No man is bound to compromise himself, and business before opinions; that's been my motto always. You'll excuse me, sir."

He ended with his feeble laugh, and began slowly stirring and sipping his tea; his companion meanwhile neither spoke nor moved. I drew out a visiting card, and presenting it to the little tailor in return for his information, withdrew to my own table and dinner in the further corner of the room. The meal, owing to the disorganized state of the household, occupied some time; and, engaged with a newspaper, and my back turned on my companions, I took no note of them for the next half-hour or so. Rising at last, at the conclusion of my dinner, I felt a momentary embarrassment. The old men, I found, had finished their tea, and were now engaged with a greasy pack of cards and an old cribbage-board, whose lost pegs were replaced by sections of wooden matches. It was raining heavily, I could not go out; it was too early to go to bed. Issuing from the public room could be heard the sound of songs and choruses, the rattle of glasses and thumping of fists; the entertainment was at its height. I had no choice, it seemed, but to remain where I was. My friend the little tailor was absorbed in his cards; but the Reverend Jonas Lambert looked round as I approached the table.

"You'd like to take a hand, perhaps,

sir," he said, speaking for the first time, in a rather husky voice. "Mine is at your service."

"Thank you, if you would allow me to look on," I said, "I should prefer it. I have almost forgotten the rules of the game."

I drew a chair to the table, and divided my attention between my newspaper and my companions. I had never, I thought, seen a stranger couple. Their dress struck me as so odd, that I explained it finally by the conjecture that the tailor had had an old stock of clothes on hand when he retired from business, and that the two were wearing it out. The little man was attired in a light cut-away sporting jacket over a red velveteen waistcoat; his taller companion wore a long, black coat, a pair of red and green plaid trousers, and a bright blue satin tie under his ragged grey beard. Each had put on a pair of large horn-rimmed spectacles, which gave them an air of extraordinary solemnity as they meditated over their cards. There was nothing frivolous indeed about their game; the little tailor counted over his cards with extreme volubility, and an eagerness that might have argued a fortune at stake, instead of nothing at all; they played for nothing I noticed. He fidgeted in his chair when he lost; but as a rule he won; he won with such persistency that, roused presently to watch him with more attention, I became aware of the transparent cheating that brought about this end. It consisted merely in counting his cards wrong as fast as possible, and then shuffling them together before his calculation could be criticised. His companion uttered no protest against this simple exercise of ingenuity — in fact, I believed him to connive at it. He nodded a good deal over the game, frequently allowing his adversary to count and mark for him; and I admired the spring of interest that the little tailor could bring into a contest that he determined so monotonously in his own favor. It threw a retrospective light on his past life; the Reverend Jonas Lambert seemed to me to represent a long line of customers who had been shuffled in and out of coats and waistcoats with the same adroitness that Mr. James Friend now exhibited in shuffling his cards. The minister, meanwhile, preserved his apathetic attitude until a clock somewhere in the house struck ten. He started awake at the sound, blinked his old eyes for a minute, and began gathering the cards together.

"Bedtime," he said laconically.

The little tailor coughed, fidgeted, and looked at me with his deprecatory laugh. "You see what he is; but I indulge him, sir, I indulge him," he seemed to say. He yawned, rubbed his fingers and stirred the fire, then stretched out his hand feebly towards a glass of rum and water that stood on the table. The ex-dissenting minister put his hand over the top.

"Not that, not a drop," he said with decision.

The little man coughed and laughed again, and laying a hand on either arm of the chair in which he was seated, attempted to rise. I saw then that through paralysis or some other cause affecting the lower limbs, he was almost helpless. He stumbled to his feet, however, with his brother-in-law's assistance, and with the help of his arm and a stick, managed to shuffle to the door. There the Reverend Jonas Lambert addressed me, —

"You understand, sir," he said, "that the room is at your service. I hope you will await my return. It's seldom I have the pleasure of a visitor."

The two old men disappeared. I don't go through the world hunting for oddities, as some people profess to do, but it struck me that I had fallen here upon a queer couple, and one with a good deal of human nature in them. I wondered what their past history had been. The Reverend Jonas Lambert presently returning, enlightened me on the point to a certain extent. As he re-entered the room, I remarked how old and broken a man he was. Beside his still more infirm brother-in-law, he had had a semblance of strength; but I noticed now that he moved feebly, and sank into his chair with an air of fatigue and relief.

"Sorry to have left you," he said, "but you'll excuse me. I have to keep my brother-in-law to the minute or he's all astray; he's no head to do anything for himself. He's weak, that's what he is; but it's no matter while I'm here to look after him."

He took up his tumbler of rum and water, and pushed the bottle across to me. "Do me the pleasure of joining me," he said, "I'll ring for another tumbler."

"Thank you, but I rarely touch spirits," I answered.

"Well, perhaps you're right; they don't agree with every one. There's Jem, I never allow him to touch a drop of anything stronger than sherry and water; it would be poison to him; he has no head. With me it's different; I take it by the doctor's orders. A tea-spoonful, he told me,

now and again was good for the stomach and good for the spirits. I've been in poor health ever since my wife died some years ago, and I find it does me good. I've a craving for it, sir — a craving, and that, I take it, shows I need it. That's what I say to myself when I'm sometimes afraid I might be led into taking a drop too much. It's a danger no doubt, or might be to another. But not to me — not to me."

He raised the glass as he spoke, but set it down again before it touched his lips, putting his hand over the top as he hitched his chair round to face the fire. The rum he had already taken, or perhaps the absence of his companion, had changed his taciturn mood to one of loquacity. He settled himself for a talk.

"Well, sir," he said, "and what news from the great metropolis, from the centre of movement and thought? For it's from there, I presume, that you come."

"I left it about a fortnight ago," I answered. "There was little enough doing; it's the dead season, you know. The rumors from the East are disquieting; they always are. There is some talk of Parliament being summoned in November —"

"Ah," he interrupted, "that's not what I meant. What is doing in the world of thought and science, sir? What are our great men, Darwin and Spencer and Huxley, about? That's what interests me; I care little for politics of late years, though the points touching the religious body to which I formerly belonged interested me when I was younger. But not now — not now."

"You are interested in science?" I inquired.

"It has been my life, sir," he answered, "my life for the last thirty years." He turned and gulped down his tumbler of rum and water, then, spreading out his large hands upon his knees, sat staring before him at the fire. "I am eighty-two years old," he said slowly, "eighty-two years old; and up to some five-and-twenty years ago, I was the most popular preacher in the town of Salchester. I don't hesitate, sir, to say that my popularity was deserved; I was a great preacher. Many was the offer I had from different congregations to go to London or elsewhere, but I preferred to hold by my native place. Yes, I was a great preacher; and when I went down my pulpit stairs for the last time, I was proud of myself as I had reason to be; but it was a wrench."

I was silent for a moment. "Why, if I

may inquire, did you give up your pulpit?" I said then.

"Because I had brains, sir," he answered, raising his hand and letting it fall heavily again upon his knee; "because when I had once begun to find myself in the great current of modern thought, I had neither the wish nor the power to free myself from it. I should have been wiser in my generation to shut my eyes and close every book but the Bible and the theological works of my party. But no, sir; I read and I thought. I began with Carlyle, but then I was comparatively a youngster. I read Emerson; I got on to Colenso — he's out of date now, but he was making a noise in the world at that time — I read Darwin, Huxley, Spencer; I got translations of Comte, and Strauss, and Renan. I've read 'em all in my day, all, and many a one besides. I read them and I thought them out; I didn't hurry; I was years coming to my own conclusions, and at first I tried to preach upon them — I thought to raise the minds of my congregation, to let in a little of the light that was beginning to blaze upon me. But it wouldn't do — I might have known it wouldn't do. It was soon after that I resigned my charge; and though I walked down my pulpit stairs for the last time, a proud man — a martyr to science and to truth — I don't deny it was a wrench."

"Ah, that," I said, "I can well believe."

"Well, well," he said, "I'm an old man now; the end's not far off and I had my reward. I was persecuted and blamed; my old friends fell away from me; but I entered into communion with the greatest minds of the age. I corresponded with some of those great men. They have, I doubt not, letters of mine in their possession now, that will some day rank among the most remarkable of their correspondence. I wrestled with the truth, sir; I pinned them down, I fought with their conclusions to the very end; and then I sent them the result of my struggles. When those letters are published, they will present one of the most remarkable pictures of the workings of the human mind yet given to the world. My name will not be lost to posterity."

I looked at the old man as he sat before me, his grey beard sunk on his breast, his large veined hands spread out on his knees. His strange vanity moved me to pity. "Do you correspond with them still?" I asked.

"No," he said, "no; all that's at an end now. I came to my conclusions — there's no more to be said about it, and my brain's

not what it was. I can't argue things out now; I've got it right, and I'm tired, sir, tired — I'm an old man."

His eyes became suffused with emotion; he blinked a little and began mixing another glass of spirits and water, stiffer than before. He seemed to me to have had enough, and I wished he would let it alone; I had taken a fancy to the old fellow. He drank down half the mixture, put in some more rum, and began again with a shake in his voice.

"Besides, I'm out of the way," he said, "I'm shoved aside; I'm forgotten, I dare say, in my own place, and I live here with no one to talk to but a chance passer-by like yourself. An old man's soon forgotten, sir — soon forgotten." His voice died away, his head sank on his breast. "Not that I complain, I like the place, and the quiet." His eyes closed. "The quiet —" he repeated, trying to rouse himself. All at once he started up wide awake, staring hard at me, and swallowed the remainder of his grog.

"That's my nightcap," he said, setting down the glass, "I shall sleep the better for that. At my age, sleep is hard to come by sometimes."

His eyes closed, his head sank again, he had fallen dead asleep as he spoke. The landlady coming in at that moment took in the situation at a glance.

"Ah, that's his weakness, poor old gentleman," she said, with an air of vexation, taking up the bottle of rum. "Now my husband'll have to come and get him up to bed, and a difficult business it is sometimes when he's like that. He's heavy to move, sir, you see. Luckily he's not often overtaken that way; only sometimes when he gets thinking of old times, or is worried about his nephew, who's a terrible worry to him indeed. Perhaps talking to you, sir, set him off, but I'm sorry it should ha' happened so to-night. He's a good old gentleman, take him all round, and I'm sure no one could have behaved better nor kinder than he has to that poor, weak creature his brother-in-law, and to his nephew, who's little better than his father, I'm afraid. I tell him some day they'll be the death of him, between 'em; but he only laughs and says one has to die anyway, which is true, no doubt, only one doesn't like to think of it. Your room's ready sir, if you please to step up-stairs, and the house'll be quiet enough now."

On our way up-stairs I learnt some further details of the Reverend Jonas Lambert's history. His wife, it appeared, had been near cousin to my landlady's mother,

and taken her husband a pretty good bit of money, so that he was not badly off, even after he had given up his preaching business. Of that crisis in his life, which still occupied so many of the old man's meditations, the landlady thought very little. They were all church people themselves, she remarked again, and a dissenter's opinions were of no great account one way or another. She had much more to say on the subject of her old cousin's goodness to Mr. James Friend. That feeble and speculative gentleman had lost every penny he possessed, it appeared, by his foolish ways of going on, and was now entirely kept by his brother-in-law, as well as that ne'er-do-well, his son.

"I always did have a liking for cousin Jonas," the landlady continued, "and when he wrote to me that he wanted a quiet home away from the town for his brother-in-law, who'd had a stroke, and would like to come to me, I couldn't make no objections. We don't lose by it on the whole — not to call a loss, taking one month with another, winter and summer; for if Jonas don't pay as much as some of our summer visitors would, as I couldn't charge a connection so, why, he's here all the year round, and they don't eat much. He's a little too fond of his glass of grog; it's the only fault we have to find with him, me nor my husband neither; and, after all, it does no one any harm but himself, poor old gentleman, and not much to him, not at his age. It muddles his head a bit, and makes him a bit childish, now and again; but I dare say it's a comfort to him all the same, and he soon sleeps it off. As for the other poor weak creature, he's a trouble to nobody now but his brother-in-law, though he's made trouble enough in his day; and his son's very little better, I'm afraid. He's clerk in some office; 'twas his Uncle Jonas got him the place and done everything for him, but I doubt he'll come to much good. You'll excuse me, sir, for running on so about them, and in fact I must be going, for there's a deal to be seen to yet. You'll excuse the room, sir; you'll find the bed comfortable, I think."

I excused the room readily enough, for small though it was, the lattice opened wide on to the night and the inn garden, fresh and odorous after the summer storm. I was out betimes the next morning in a lively world of sunshine and twittering birds, and, early though it was, found the Reverend Jonas Lambert already in the garden, seated on a bench near a thatched beehive summer-house, sunning himself

in front of a bed of scarlet-runners and sweet-smelling herbs. In the clear morning light he looked strangely old and wrinkled, old even for a man of eighty-two years. A book lay open on his knee, but his large spectacles lay across it, and he was not reading; he was smoking a pipe before breakfast, and enjoying the tranquil warmth. Apparently he had slept off the effect of his last night's potations; he looked like some worthy old pensioner sitting there in his long, black coat, oblivious, as it seemed, of the abrupt close to our conversation the night before. He gave me a friendly greeting as I came up.

"A fine morning," he said. "This is what I call pleasant to sit here in the sun, with a pipe and a book and a good breakfast in prospect, and another pipe afterwards. This is my leisure time; my brother-in-law rises late, and I have the morning hours to myself. I am reading the philosophers; I am an old man, sir, and their mood suits me better nowadays than arguments and controversies would. My brain is not altogether what it was; I've thought too much, perhaps, in my time. I've had a troubled life, sir; I told you something of it, I think, last night."

"You told me," I said, "that you had seen reason, at some expense to yourself, to change your early opinions."

"Yes, yes," he said, "at some expense to myself. Yes, I've had a troubled life. I may have erred, no doubt, one way and another; I am but human; but I'm thankful at least for this peaceful ending. If I could have my wish I would willingly die on a day like this, sitting here on this bench, closing my eyes on the sunshine with the warmth and the flowers about me."

"Well," said I, "I trust you may have your wish."

He shook his head.

"Such wishes rarely are fulfilled," he answered. "Nature works in her own time and after her own fashion. We have only to obey."

He leaned back on the bench, half closing his eyes with an air of placid satisfaction as he puffed meditatively at his pipe. Just then the inn maid approached us along the gravel path with some letters in her hand. The post had come in, and my breakfast was ready, she said. Two of the letters she handed to the Reverend Jonas Lambert; the third she gave to me. It was only a line from my riding companion appointing a place of meeting at noon that day. I reflected a moment on my plans, and rising, was about to return to

the house, when my attention was taken by my companion. He had put on his large spectacles and opened one of his letters with a certain deliberation; then glancing through the few lines it contained, he struck down the sheet of paper with violence on the open book before him, and tore open the second letter. It was even shorter than the first. His face flushed a deep red, he let the paper fall from his hand on to the ground, and sat staring before him, a hand resting on the bench on either side. His attitude and expression startled me into addressing him.

"Your letters," I said, "have brought no bad news, I hope?"

He took his pipe from his mouth and dashed it on the path in front of him before answering.

"They bring abominable news, sir," he said, "they bring damnable news. My nephew, sir, my nephew for whom I have done everything, whom I backed with my own name and credit when I got him his present place, has embezzled the sum of five hundred pounds to pay a racing debt. And his employers write that they have discovered the theft, and unless the money is repaid at once, they'll prosecute. Five hundred pounds! How am I to pay five hundred pounds? I'll see him damned before I pay it. I say, sir, I'll see him damned before I pay a penny of it."

He took off his spectacles and began to wipe them with trembling hands.

"I'll see him—I'll see him——" he repeated. His voice broke. "It's very hard," he quavered, "it's very hard. I'm a very old man, sir, I've had a very hard life. It's hard to be turned out of one's home, where one has found a little peace and rest at last."

He began to cry. I called to the maid who was cutting some lettuces, and desired her to bring a glass of water. The poor old fellow overheard my order.

"Rum and water, Mary!" he said, "you know how I like it." He picked up his pipe; the stem was broken in the fall, and he began to cry again. "I've broken my pipe," he said whimpering, like a child, "and I haven't used any other for years; I never thought to outlive my pipe."

The girl returned that moment with the glass of rum and water in her hand—she knew how the old fellow liked it mixed. He swallowed it down at two gulps, gasped and pulled himself together again.

"I beg your pardon," he said, rising and picking up his papers with trembling hands. "for troubling you, sir, with my

family affairs; but I was taken by surprise—I was taken by surprise. The matter will be arranged no doubt. I wish you good-morning, sir."

He moved off with his feeble, uncertain steps. I had to leave an hour later, and saw him no more.

Three months afterwards, happening to be again in the same neighborhood, I turned out of my way to revisit the inn, in the express purpose of learning something further concerning the Reverend Jonas Lambert. The friendly landlady received me in excellent fashion, gave me the best luncheon her house afforded, and waited on me herself. I lost no time in inquiring after my old acquaintance.

"Ah, poor soul!" she said, "he's dead."

"Dead!" I cried. "When did he die?"

"Well, sir, he died not long after you were here, and we were both glad and sorry for it, if one may say such a thing as that." She went on to tell me how the old man had paid up the money for his nephew after all. "We've got the young man here now, sir; my husband and me agreed to take him on to do odd jobs about the place. He's weak more than bad, I think; he's like his father, sir, and we take care to keep an eye on him; but I don't know how long it'll last. His uncle," she continued, "had been terribly cut up about it all, as was only natural; and the day his nephew arrived, was dreadfully down in his spirits. He couldn't touch his dinner, and when it was over, told the maid to bring him the spirits and water." If she herself had been at home, the landlady went on to say, she'd have kept an eye on him, knowing his weakness; but as it happened, she was out, and the girl, who knew no better, took him everything he asked for, and he sat there drinking and crying and drinking, till at last he got up and said he'd just walk round and take a last look at everything. He went off in the direction of the kitchen-garden, where there were two or three steps, I might remember, leading down to the greenhouse; they were a bit broken and had ought to have been mended long ago; it had been done since. "Well, sir," she continued, "I happened to be just coming in, and I saw Mr. Lambert going along the path in that direction, and by his walk that he was not too steady on his legs; I didn't think particularly about the steps, they'd been broken so long; but I saw him stumble a bit as he went down the first, then gave a sort of reel, and fall forward. I ran up to him as fast as I could. I was so frightened to see him lie there without moving,

a heavy man like him; but when the doctor came he said he must have died in a moment. 'Twas a weak heart; and the trouble, and the drink and the fall together was too much for him, I suppose, though we shall never know now whether it was the fall that did it, or the heart-weakness that made him fall. I'd rather think that than that it was the drink."

Poor old fellow! I wished he had died quietly on his bench by the beehive summer house. Presently I asked what he had meant by looking at everything for the last time.

"Ah, that was his notion, not ours, you may be sure, sir; but he meant to leave us the next day. It was his doing, not ours; we'd have kept him, and willing, without any payment at all, but he wouldn't have it. He'd leave his brother-in-law here, he said, with his son to look after him, and would pay for him as before; he couldn't have him moved; and he'd go away himself and live somewhere honestly and cheaply. Those were his own words, and nothing my husband nor me could say would move him. But thank God, he was took before he left; for he'd settled down so here, I doubt he'd have been miserable anywhere else."

I hazarded the remark that if his brother-in-law still lived on here, he must be something of a burthen to these good people.

"Well, sir, so he is, but it won't be for long. He's taken to drinking since Jonas died. I don't know where he gets the spirits from; not from my husband nor me, for we always take them away if we find any in his room. But I suspect he comes over his son, though the young man always denies it—a poor, weak creature like his father. We'd willingly keep the old man alive," the young woman added after a moment's hesitation, "if it was only for the look of the thing; for by my cousin Jonas's will he has a life-interest in the money Jonas left; and after his death it is divided between us and the young man. It was my own cousin Mary's money, and ought all to have remained in our family; but Mr. Lambert cared for no one so much as his sister's son, and my husband and me are not people to grudge others anything. We've enough of our own, thank God. Cousin Jonas made a queer will," she went on, smoothing her apron, "he left directions that when his life was written, whoever did it, should advertise for all his letters to publish them. But whoever'd think of writing the life of an old man like that, sir? I've

often thought he was a little touched in the head."

Poor, strange, vain, unselfish old man. His was but human nature, as he said; but I have not thought the worse of human nature for having met him.

From The Nineteenth Century.
SOCIAL ASPECTS OF AMERICAN LIFE.

AFTER a tour of six months in the United States have I anything to say worth committing to paper — any impressions of a country so rapidly changing from year to year that can be of the smallest value? Unless I read all the books that appear annually on this subject it is difficult to decide whether anything new is left to be said, even if it appear new to me. But, as I had rather exceptional opportunities of seeing various social aspects of American life, it seems to be thought that a digest of the notes I made at the time may not be altogether valueless. If the result of my observation be to remove some prejudices on both sides, and to prove to our "cousins" that, while alive to certain defects, an average Englishman's estimate of them has, on closer acquaintance, in their own homes, been considerably raised, I shall not have written in vain.

Foreigners in all countries are too apt to form hasty conclusions from one or two instances, and to pronounce very decided opinions on this insecure basis. I have tried to avoid, even, in my own mind, doing this. I know of how few books, or articles, touching the contemporaneous history of an alien country can it be said, as an American said to me of Mr. Bryce's "American Commonwealth," "The knowledge it shows of our political institutions is simply amazing." On these as on the religious and business sides of American life I shall be silent, feeling my own ignorance. I write of what I have seen, of what I know, and hope to be free from the charge of discussing subjects that are beyond my ken. Bounded by this horizon, the landscapes, the groups, the color, and the light and shade are such as they have appeared to my eye, and as they were blotted in upon the spot. They must be accepted for what they are — suggestions, not finished pictures.

Those who do not know the United States are apt to speak of the nation as of one people. Of course to the American it is a truism that the agglomeration of various nationalities has produced the

most diverse and even opposed characteristics; but upon the Englishman who would form anything but the vaguest idea of America it is necessary to impress this.

It is true, as Mr. Bryce observes, that there is a certain broad similarity of type; that one American is more like another American than one Englishman is like another Englishman. A man who steps out of the beaten path and shows any originality is at once styled "a crank." Yet the conditions of life in the Eastern and Western States are so different that the observations made in one city do not apply necessarily to another; and even in the East the rival cities regard each other with a jealousy which would resent any confounding of their idiosyncrasies. In New York the Irish population preponderates so largely that political power and civic influence are wholly in their hands. If one asks how it comes about that so rich a community can allow its streets to remain in the disgraceful condition in which they are, there is the same invariable reply: "We are in the hands of the Irish. None of the millionaires who live here have any power to alter the state of things." In Cincinnati, and other cities, it is the German element that prevails. Newspapers, institutions of all kinds, and the cultivation of the higher class of music color the existence, and must largely affect the mental development of the younger generation. In San Antonio I was told there were seventeen distinct nationalities. In New Orleans there is, as the world has been made well aware lately, in addition to the French creoles, a very large Italian settlement. And when you have done with the negro in the South (though you never have done with him entirely throughout the United States) you take up the Chinese, and find whole quarters of the cities and occasionally a village in California inhabited by them. So many nationalities interfused with the native population must necessarily alter the complexion of each State. Yet some qualities are of universal growth here.

Self-dependence, enterprise, and perseverance seem indigenous to the American soil, and munificence towards his native city a virtue which nearly every wealthy citizen considers a paramount duty. Whether among those who have carved a name for themselves on tables of stone, as inventors or pioneers, the men who have opened up and civilized vast tracts of this great continent, or those who have rendered services to mankind in yet wider fields of

science, the same characteristics are marked. The true American cannot understand the delight of repose; to him inactivity is irritating; whether it be the building up of a city or of a private fortune, whether the object be personal or patriotic, an almost feverish energy directs his movements. Chicago stands as a testimony of this—a city burnt down but a few years since, and now the biggest in area throughout the States. An American is never discouraged, never disheartened. Where an Englishman fails, and is heard of no more, the instances here of wealth, won by daring speculation, lost, and then won back again, are of everyday occurrence. The reverse of this golden medal is that moneyed success—at all hazards—is too much held up to youth as the aim of existence. To some of us it seems that there are things better worth striving for than such success.

But at least one must admit that, when accomplished here, it is sealed by splendid gifts of patriotism and beneficence. Such buildings as the Californian Academy of Sciences, the Astor and Lenox Libraries in New York, the Newbery Library in Chicago, the Corcoran Art Gallery in Washington, and numerous hospitals, colleges, and museums in nearly every city throughout the States, are evidences of this great public spirit.

I cannot say that my observation has led me to the same conclusions as Mr. Bryce, in the estimate he forms of "the pleasantness of American life." It is probably true that the lower orders are happier, earning as they do larger wages, and with the well-founded hope of growing richer and rising in the social scale. The workman with ten shillings a day, the housemaid with fifty or sixty pounds a year, need not be gnawed by envy and hatred of those born in another sphere, such as corrodes the peace of mechanics inoculated with socialistic doctrine in Europe. But from what I observed of the upper classes in America I did not receive the impression that they were more contented, or in any sense happier, than persons in the same station in England. Among the men the weariness that follows overwork, among the women the disease of unquiet longing for change, are not concomitants of happiness. Whenever I asked why the lowest kind of "variety" entertainment at the theatre drew greater crowds of all classes, throughout the States, than a strong play of human passion, I received the same reply: "Our men at the end of their day's work are too weary to think.

They only want to be amused. Anything will do that makes them laugh." Such a condition of mental prostration is almost pathetic, but it does not give one an idea of happiness. A large proportion of the great wealth of America is confessedly due to speculation; and this must bring anxiety, nervous excitability, exhaustion. The overwrought brain finds little repose in a home built on such bases; the steamer that bears him to Europe affords the master of such a home probably the only breathing-space, the only respite from the pursuit of telegrams, that he has known for a year or more.

The restlessness of American women, which takes different—and often very laudable—forms, is another expression of the same truth, as it seems to me. The woman of fashion, eager for excitement, is probably, in the main, much the same in London or New York; but the very charm of her manner, so blithe and bird-like, twittering from subject to subject, never dull, never too long poised upon the same twig, makes of the typical New York lady a very different being from her English equivalent. She needs no rest. Country life means for her Newport, Lennox, to travel, to yacht, or to fill a villa residence with city acquaintances for a few weeks. The repose of a home far away from the metropolis, with its small village interests and obligations, or the breezy monotony of a Highland moor, are alike unknown to her. The rocking-chair, in which she will sway herself for hours together, illustrates her condition of "unrest, which men miscall delight." She requires movement, physical or intellectual "all the time." She is never seen with a needle in her hand; and this is not only true of New York; throughout the length and breadth of America, it may have been chance, but I never once saw a lady working. The employment, unless necessitated (when I feel sure she would stitch as conscientiously as Hood's shirt-maker), is too reposeful, too unstimulating to the American female mind. She will attend Browning lectures, and Wagner expositions, and lectures on the Aztecs, and spiritual séances, and lay sermons upon every subject under the sun; she will take up some study, she will attend classes, and work far more assiduously than the average Englishwoman (not the Girtton and Newnham one), who considers when she has left the schoolroom that her education is complete. But having few servants, and rarely a large family, her household duties are light; and her eager mind, abhorring a vacuum, seeks for

food in the world of pleasure; or of knowledge, to be gained less from books than from personal oral exposition. This feverishness is, no doubt, partly due to early education. The child is never a child in America, as we understand the word. The infant's petulant irresponsibility is subject to little or no restraint, as those who have dwelt in hotels where there were several children can testify. Later on, a constant round of excitement stimulates their poor little brains at the season when in the intervals between their lessons they most need rest. The number of precocious child-actors testifies to this abnormal development of brain, but as a great actress said to me, "one expects these wonderful children to turn out geniuses — they seldom do." Americans themselves have told me that they send their young daughters to school, or to Europe, to avoid one of two alternatives. Either they must be allowed to pay and receive daily visits, to have constant parties, with gossip and even flirtations, while still in short frocks, or they must be rendered unhappy by being deprived of amusements shared by all their companions. The consequence is that when the "bud," as she is termed, opens upon society she is already an accomplished little woman of the world, quite able to take care of herself, needing no chaperon, able to hold her own in verbal fence with young men and old, generally very "bright," often very fascinating, but having long since lost all the aroma of early youth. A man described such a young lady to me thus: "Why, sir, she is that sharp she begins conversation with a brilliant repartee." The mother is quite put into the background, not from want of affection, but because she would be out of place in the giddy round of pleasure. You read in the newspapers: "Miss — had a reception on Monday, when she was assisted by her mother."

New York is naturally a more cosmopolitan city than any other in the United States. Though in others a very large proportion may be foreigners, they have fallen, more or less, into American ways of living. New York has grown more and more European. They are called "Anglomaniacs" who imitate our manners and customs, and, as far as possible, our mode of speech. Such remarks as I shall make, therefore, on peculiarities which struck me in social intercourse with the inhabitants of many of the larger cities, and some of the smaller towns in America do not apply to New York or Washington; refer rather to a primitive condition of things

which has passed away in all the great Eastern cities. Yet there are customs which retain so firm a hold, even in Washington, that the broom which sweeps diligently, till all countries now are nearly on a level in their social institutions, has been unable to dislodge these accretions of etiquette. But of them I will speak by and by.

As regards language, there are some words and forms of speech which belong to particular States, some which are universal. It is a common belief that all Americans use the word "guess" for "think" or "believe;" but I found that, while it was in general use in the midland States, "reckon" took its place in the South, and "calculate" was the pure Yankee equivalent. The use of "gotten" for the past participle "got" belongs to New England, and is maintained with some justice to be the more correct form, transmitted direct to the inhabitants from their Puritan fathers. As you go west you never hear it. The use of "right" as a pleonasm seems general throughout the States, even in educated classes. One gentleman at Pittsburgh directed me to go "right down-stairs and then right along the passage," and then I should find the smoking-room "right before me." No American ever talks of pulling a house down, he *tears* it down. The use of "conclude" in several States is quite different from ours. A man "concludes," instead of "resolves" to go to New York, for instance. But this question of language is too large a one to enter upon in an article not devoted to the subject. I have only touched on it here to mark the differences that exist in this respect, as in others, throughout the country. As a rule the Bostonian of the upper class speaks so like a well-educated Englishman — not the utterer of debased coin which passes current as fashionable slang — that, except for the pronunciation of a word occasionally, it would be difficult to detect his nationality.

A vast deal of nonsense has been written about Bostonian "cultshure," its eager rush after "some new thing," the blue-stockingism of its women, the *nil admirari* attitude of its men. This is very far from being the truth of all but a small section of that delightful society. There is an intellectual activity which occasionally may take a foolish current, driven into fresh channels by curiosity in esoteric Buddhism or faith cure, an infant prodigy or a propagandist of Nihilism. But the men and women of Boston are too healthy in mind and body, and are too well equipped

with American humor, to entertain such terrible angels for long unawares. I was taken to the very stronghold of female "cultshure," the Wellesley College, which far exceeds our Girton or Newnham in size, scope, and capacity. My visit to this noble institution, erected and endowed by a father in memory of his lost son, will always be a pleasant recollection. The girls seemed so happy; in spite of their assiduous cultivation of fields where the learned dig for "roots," their joyousness was their chief characteristic. It was infectious. Nor were the lady patronesses of the college, who escorted us there in a body, in the least appalling. One of them, who was elderly, said to me, with a merry twinkle of her eye: "I am going to open a ball next week. My son has sent for me, and when a son sends to his old mother for such a purpose, why, she is bound, as they say with us, to tumble."

Dear ladies of Boston, do not take umbrage at this quotation and cry out, "We never talk like that!" It is because I am so anxious to remove the slander of priggishness from your reputation that I dare to record a speech which delighted me.

Better, and more to the purpose I have in view, would it be if I could record the brilliant talk, the sparkling wit that scintillated like fire-flies round the small dinner-tables at which it has been my privilege to sit. But the give and take—the thrust and parry—how can they be reproduced? The whole has melted away, like the *neiges d'antan*; only the earth has been refreshed and stimulated, and one carries away from that society the aroma of flowers, perpetually springing up. No seed falls there but it germinates. Art, literature, all subjects that are of common interest, find the rich soil ready to receive them. Never out of London have I heard such conversation in our own tongue, without any sense of labor or self-consciousness, as I have listened to in Boston. In this respect no other city in the United States can approach it. New York has its conspicuous orators, its wise lawyers, its charming wits; but they do not form part of its "society." Washington is political, progressive, fashionable; it cares nothing for pictures; it rarely discusses books; it is a good deal self-occupied, self-centred, and the talk is consequently either too heavy or too logically light to be very interesting. Statesmen and diplomatists stand on the edge of very thin ice; the interchange of courtesies is abundant, but they seldom adventure far away from land. A few years

will, no doubt, make a difference in the tone of its society. In the great political centre of the United States a number of wealthy citizens from various parts of the country are settling yearly, and importing educational and intellectual needs that must be met; but at present it is one of the few large cities in which there are no private collections of pictures; and a good concert, or a good company of players, is only an occasional boon. On the other hand the receptions at the White House, where every citizen is entitled to enter and shake the president's hand, and those remarkable afternoon teas given by the wives of certain ministers of state, who, by established usage, must be in evening dress, while their visitors are in walking attire—such gatherings as these can hardly be regarded as social relaxations. There are beautiful balls and great diplomatic dinners; and among the residents at Washington are some very delightful people; but from its official position its society is more stiff—has less plasticity—than that of New York or Boston.

While on the subject I cannot resist quoting an advertisement I copied from a New York paper, as showing, in a characteristic manner, how conversation may be regarded as a fine art.

It may not be generally known that half-a-dozen gentlewomen earn a handsome living in New York city by holding conversation classes, and giving private lessons in that most difficult of arts. The members as a rule represent the very best social element, being men and women of polite birth and breeding. Naturally the majority of those who apply for instruction are miniature youths and maidens, boys and girls just graduating from the school-room, who take a preparatory course before their formal *entrée* into the drawing-room. Then again elderly persons come and insist on private coaching, and these the professors say are hardest to teach. Often shy and filled with consternation at the sound of their own voices, it is next to impossible to instil courage or grace into their manner of talking. They are not only taught the art of selecting suitable topics, with happy comments on the same, but are advised against long-winded anecdotes, dreary stories, tiresome personal and family affairs, *risqué* allusions, sarcasm, and scandal. Then the careful professor gives laughing lessons, that include a correct modulation of the voice and a stern repression of the giggle. She stimulates the despondent by showing how much attention has to do with catching up the thread of a conversation and carrying it on to entertaining lengths. One of her maxims teaches that a courteous, intelligent listener has already learned a potent secret in developing the agreeable talker. She knows

how to practise politeness and patience, that are indispensable virtues for the conversazione.

American hospitality is proverbial, and justly so. It is conceived in the true old English spirit, which has died away, shame-faced, amid our own conventionalities. We are, for the most part, afraid now to ask the friend we meet in the street to share our simple dinner. If we cannot kill the fatted calf we dare not offer him cold mutton. And so it comes about that many a pleasant evening, such as our forefathers would have enjoyed "across the walnuts and the wine," is missed. Here it is not so. I shall always recall with pleasure a visit I paid to an almost stranger one Sunday afternoon, whose talk beguiled me into remaining much longer than I had intended. As I rose to go he said: "We have an early dinner on Sunday; but we are going to supper presently. Will you not stay?" I did stay; and the supper consisted of Boston beans, bread, cake, and preserves. A plate of cold beef was brought in for me; and that was all. No excuses were made for the meagreness of the fare; and to me at least no apology was needed. It was rightly assumed that what was good enough for the family I should be satisfied with. This in my eyes is the most perfect instance of true hospitality and good breeding I ever met.

Dinners as a rule in private houses are less good and less well served than I expected to find them; but when one learns the difficulty of procuring and retaining servants, the only wonder is that they are as good as they are. Nearly all houses — even the wealthy ones — are under-served, according to English ideas. The servants are paid enormous wages; and each man and woman does the work of two, if not of three. The consequence is that even in New York, and at great dinners, I have had to saw my beef and mutton with plated knives, because steel ones require so much time and trouble to clean. Some of the dishes are excellent, but the prevalent taste for *uncooking* a canvas-back duck generally rendered that admirable bird a forbidden fruit to me. Early in my wanderings I ventured to observe to a charming lady beside whom I was sitting that I did not like raw birds. She looked at me reprehensively. "You are wrong — quite wrong," she said. "I always tell my cook, 'The blood must follow the knife.'" After that I never ventured to murmur my objection again.

To return to the servants. They gen-

erally remain but a few months in one situation. Like every one else, they are restless — require movement, change. It suits the head of the family to break up his establishment when he travels abroad, or goes to a fashionable resort in his own country to inhabit a monster hotel. And it equally well suits the "establishment" to go to the monster hotel and get advanced wages for the crowded season. So it comes about that old servants, except negroes in the Southern States, are unknown. In the west the difficulty of obtaining any but slatternly Irish girls increases every year.

Considering the enormous immigration, this is a problem no man can understand. In Colorado a lady said to me: "One does not think of asking for a servant's character here; she asks for yours. The first year I came I could get no one . . . they knew nothing about me. This year they have been kinder." She then went on to tell me that a parlor-maid living on a ranche had come to her mistress (who told my informant the story) when some visitors were expected, and stipulated that she should be presented to them — or she would depart. It was Hobson's choice, and the presentation was duly made. In another family the advent of the cook was thus announced in one of the papers: "Miss Sally Dexter has arrived from Denver on a visit to Mr. — in this city."

A friend of mine says that when a parlor-maid came to be interviewed she inquired, "Do you do your own stretching?" Upon inquiry she learnt that this meant, "Do you serve yourselves at table?" Manners in servants of both sexes are peculiar, as indeed they are in all the lower orders (if one may be allowed such an expression about Americans). This is the only class that *never* addresses you as "sir." The hotel waiter vouchsafes no reply if you ask him to bring you food. He fetches it in silence, and then leans over your chair listening to your conversation. One man made a plunge at my head as I entered the coffee-room of the hotel at Pittsburg. For a moment I thought it was an assault, till he bore away my hat in triumph to hang it on a peg. He meant no incivility; on the contrary, he believed he was showing his alacrity to serve me. But he had not been taught better, nor are his children taught; therefore for the present I see no prospect of amendment in this respect.

The social amusements in the smaller western cities are very curious. That of giving parties in churches is one of the

most so. The following is the newspaper report of such an entertainment given while I was at Colorado Springs:—

THE "JAPS" ENTERTAINMENT.

The First M. E. Church was crowded last night with a throng curious to see what pleasant surprise was in store for them. The entertainment was given by George E. Campbell's Sunday-school class (No. 6), composed of young ladies, and was the most novel and entertaining social given this winter. The young ladies appeared dressed in Japanese costumes, and the Japanese programme they presented was loudly applauded. After the literary and musical part of the evening the "Japs" invited the company to partake of the Japanese tea which they had prepared. The following is the programme:—

Music "Shizu."
Chorus "Shing, Fring, Ming."
Recitation { JAPANESE LADIES.
 { "Me be Like a Melican Man."
 { Japanese Love Story.
 { OINA SAN.
Music "Wang Ta Ning."
Recitation Selected.
 TANSAGANEMA SAN.
Vocal Solo "Waiting."
 YONE SANTO.
Recitation "Christmas Night at the Quarters."
 THESIN SAN.
Music "Shiroyama."
 The Japs entertain.

And here are three advertisements showing of what constant occurrence these entertainments are. In the first it will be observed that a charade is to be played. Another somewhat similar performance took place in another church a few days before, when the actors were dressed up as Syrians, and a Syrian marriage service was enacted, the officiating priest being a clergyman in Eastern costume!

LIGHT BEARERS.

The following programme will be given by the Light Bearers Society at the First M. E. Church this afternoon at three o'clock. All are cordially invited to attend:—

Chorus "The Brook."
 SOCIETY.
Recitation "Grandma's Cap."
 EVELYN IMBODEN.
Solo "Tit for Tat."
 SUSIE HATFIELD.
Pantomime "Household Fairies."
Music "Kazoo Club."
Song
 MAY HATFIELD, EVELYN IMBODEN, EDNA JONES.
Recitation "Listed into the Fight."
 ISABEL PATTERSON.
Solo "Snow-White Hands."
 ALTA DANIELS.

Recitation "Drummer Boy's Burial."
 MAY POLLOCK.

Solo MAY HATFIELD.
Rag Baby Round

RAG BABIES.
Charade. — "Trouble in Mormon Family."
 Characters:
 MIRINDA SLYKER (a visitor in Salt Lake City);
 AMAZIAH HEEP (a Mormon);
 ELIZA, DEBORAH, SOPHIA, REBECCA (Amaziah's wives).

There will be a Soap-Bubble Social in the lecture-room of the Methodist Church this evening, also light refreshments, and only a dime charged. A very pleasing time is anticipated.

In all the shop windows at Colorado Springs I read the following:—

Oysters! oysters! oysters! in every style, at the First Baptist Chapel, on Monday night.

Another strange diversion, according to our English ideas, is that of surprise parties. A number of young people fix on a day when they know one of their friends will not be absent, and agree to "surprise" him. They arrive, laden with provisions, and storm his fortress. He has nothing to do but capitulate and make the invaders welcome. This is all very well in the town; but the owner of a ranche who is subjected to this unexpected inroad is sometimes sorely put to it if the "surprise" be detained on his premises by weather, and the victualling department gives out. This was the case once or twice last winter. A jovial party arrived at a ranche in a wagon, with provisions for the evening's supper, and were detained there three days by deep snow. The guests slept on the floor, and declared they had never passed so merry a time; but the sentiments of the host on the occasion are not recorded.

Receptions which begin at three o'clock, and go on till ten or eleven at night, are a common form of entertainment in the great Western cities. I was at one where the hostess received her friends in a ball dress and all her diamonds. Guests came and went, in walking attire, some with "gums" on their feet, and ulsters; some arriving at nine o'clock (the hour when I paid my visit) in a sort of modified evening dress. At the very top of the house was a dancing-room, where the frivolous repaired, while the more sober-minded remained on the ground floor with the tea.

At the next party I attended the dancing took place in the cellar—or at all events what would correspond to the kitchen

with us. But this was a regular ball, and there was no incongruity on this occasion between the attire of the hostess and her guests. And here I may remark one thing which struck me forcibly wherever I went into society throughout the States—the air of frank and hearty enjoyment which is universal on such occasions. The complaint old Froissart made of us is as true now as it was then. He would not have made it in America. There, when people meet together, you can have no doubt about it, they come to amuse themselves. That miasma of self-consciousness which infects half the young people at the beginning of most parties in England, and that atmosphere of endurance in those no longer in their first youth, which seems to say, “You need not be afraid; I will go through with it to the bitter end,” is never seen there. There are fewer elderly persons in proportion to the young than you find in an English assembly, but wherever you meet them, instead of looking *ennuyés*, they seem to be extracting as much enjoyment as possible from their present surroundings.

The construction of most houses in the great cities—New York like the rest—shows the difference that exists between the American idea of comfort and ours. The love of privacy, so prominent a feature in the English character, is unknown; the privilege of exclusion, so rigidly enforced in the walls and fences of our gardens, the closed doors of our withdrawing-rooms on the first floor, is rarely enforced here. The house being heated throughout with hot air, all parts of it are equally warm. The “parlor” on the ground floor is only separated from the passage by a curtain. Another curtain—probably not even drawn—divides it from the central hall, up which the staircase winds. And opposite this a curtained archway leads into the dining-room. When people have confidences to communicate in an American house they must be reduced to whispering or must retire to their bedrooms. This is the almost universal plan of the moderate-sized dwellings in New York—a plan necessitated by the narrow frontage afforded to each. The door is approached by a precipitate flight of steps—a “stoop,” as it is called—and it has the inconvenience of rarely having its number boldly painted on its face; it is generally ingeniously hidden, and very often is only visible to the naked eye woven into the door mat. When you add to this that the names or numbers of the streets are never affixed to the walls, only

occasionally upon the lamps—and even then are often half rubbed off—the trouble and loss of time involved in paying a visit in a strange city can be understood.

The decoration and furniture of the “parlors,” and the way they are lived in, are further illustrations of the difference between the two nations in these respects. Where there is wealth there is often sumptuousness—splendid tapestries, embroideries, and stuffs; priceless carpets, and cabinets, and curios; while the walls of many houses are adorned with modern French pictures, which, owing to the systematic exclusion of light, it is quite impossible to see. In many houses where I was taken expressly to inspect the pictures at leisure the upper shutters remained closed, and in some of the interior rooms the gas had to be lit in order to discover that there were any pictures at all. These facts and the exasperating similarity between all the private collections throughout the States lead me to doubt whether there is much real, honest, individual love of the works collected. I knew before I entered each house exactly what I should find: a certain number of Corots—so called at least, for I trust that the master would have disowned half those spongy secretions of soapsuds—Daubignys, Troyons, a Diaz or two, and occasionally a Millet; all admirable painters, whom any lover of the art is glad to greet, if the examples of their talent be worthy of them. Still one has an impatient wish to enlarge the circle occasionally, and not to feel that the mind and taste of the collector were as nothing in the stereotyped list of pictures it was becoming he should purchase.

But it was not to this curious uniformity in selection, where a dozen Englishmen would have asserted wilfully their individual tastes, that my observation was chiefly directed. Every one is not rich enough to buy pictures or Louis the Sixteenth furniture. But comfort, as we understand it, is independent of wealth; and in this respect the “parlors” of most American houses struck me as very deficient. I should even say they do not aim at being comfortable. Apparently the idea, built upon the old French *salon* of state, is that a room for reception is not one for occupation of any kind but that of conversation. One volume bound in morocco with gilt edges is the utmost concession to literature that the table admits. A photograph or two—if the owner aims at being artistic these are draped in rags; if not, they are probably framed in brass or silver—a

vase (pronounced, almost universally, as though it rhymed with *gaze*) full of flowers, and a few pieces of china or pottery are the only objects the eye lights on besides the necessary chairs, sofas, and settees. All the pleasant litter of employment — the books, the work (for I suppose some ladies do secretly work), the writing-table, so full of pretty associations in our Englishwomen's drawing-rooms, these are relegated to some upper chamber where the visitor is not allowed to penetrate. It is a truism with us that a room expresses, to a great extent, the character of the owner. Here, with few exceptions, the rooms have no character at all. It is impossible to say what a lady cares chiefly for — what she does, how she lives — from an inspection of her "parlor." A correct sameness reigns alike in the abode of the brilliant woman of fashion, the student of Browning and Carlyle, the devotee of Wagner, or the uninspired lover of domesticity.

I have alluded to the general absence of walls or fences, not only to separate one villa from another, but to protect all from public intrusion. It is rare that there is any division between private property and the road along which the tram-car passes. This is enough to account for the fact that gardens, except on large properties, are rarely seen. The English cottage, with its strip of ground, cram full of color, its paling and wicket gate, is unknown in the Eastern States. In California the waysides are bordered with geranium, cactus, or pampas grass, woven into an impenetrable hedge, behind which you see that in every available inch of ground arms are thrusting up their white cornucopias; eschscholtzias fling down their gold before the door, while roses enlase their white and crimson arms above it. True, nature asks little here from the hand of man, while in the East she requires to be fed and carefully tended. When I remarked how little floriculture seemed to interest the dwellers in New England I was always met by the same reply: "Labor is so dear." "But," I objected, "with us the city clerk, returning to his suburban home at the end of a hard day, the railway porter, nay, even the laborer, who has been delving for eight or nine hours, will turn to with his spade at the bit of garden he has made round his cottage; and somehow the flowers seem to bloom there more abundantly than in the rich man's demesne hard by." The fact is, the true love of flowers, the patient, careful love — not the cupidity for cut roses at two dollars apiece — does not seem to be in-

herent in the national character. In Miss Wilkins's charming tales of the New England middle class you see, by the way the flowers are occasionally mentioned, that they are an accident, not a daily interest in village life. In the cities men are prodigal of bouquets to the ladies they desire to honor, and a favorite belle is "bunched" to an embarrassing degree if she desires to appear impartial on the occasion of a great ball. But this is far away from the healthy pleasure that, in England, country folk of all ranks take in the rearing of flowers.

The theatre, as a rule, was a disappointment to me throughout the States. I saw but few indigenous plays that would bear transplantation; and with the exception of some character-parts, which were well filled, the cast was generally inferior to what it would be at a second-rate theatre in England. This is the more remarkable as the Americans are good critics, and occasionally severe ones. They possess in Mr. Daly's one of the best comedy companies in the world, and their stage has a long tradition of excellent actors, some of whom are still playing. But, critics apart, the nation's taste in theatrical matters has become vitiated. Comic operas, in which the songs are without rhyme and the plot without reason, "variety" shows of a depth of inanity unparalleled in Europe, as far as I know, are the pieces which draw crowded houses night after night in all the great cities. Happily Booth, Jefferson, Irving, or the Kendals come now and again to give them a taste of better things. But this is not their daily food, nor would the majority of the audience desire that it should be. They go to see these "bright particular stars," and to discuss them afterwards. The mental strain of following Shakespeare, Sheridan, or even Sardou would be too great for a continuance. They want something which requires no thought and provokes no discussion. If it has a certain amount of vigorous horse-play, a few comic songs and breakdowns, and a "funny man," they are satisfied, and the thread on which all these are strung is of small importance. These things being so, it is no wonder that neither good plays nor good actors are very frequently to be found at this moment in America.

And yet Americans have cognate gifts to those the stage demands; but these are polished and perfected by training, and are not at the mercy of the mob. Never have I listened to oratory more persuasive, or delivered with more art, a finer humor,

or a more convincing assumption of the sentiment proper to the occasion. The ready wit, the imperturbable good humor — yea, though his antagonist should hit below the belt — these are extraneous to the histrionic power; these are graces for which American orators in their post-prandial speeches are surely pre-eminent among the nations of the earth. This long-suffering under sharp personal attack I confess took me by surprise. We are accustomed, and I think justly, to consider the nation as over-sensitive to criticism from foreigners, especially from the English; and the reason for this is obvious. But it is not true as regards the criticism or the ridicule Americans will impose upon themselves. It was my good fortune to be present at a great public dinner once where no reporters were admitted and I was the only stranger present. Some questions of municipal administration were discussed. Speaker after speaker rose, and denounced in scathing terms the corruption, the neglect, the incompetence that reigned throughout that great nameless city. Unsparing, almost ferocious in attack, and distinguished in many cases by a Juvenal-like satire, these speeches all met with sympathetic applause. No one rose, as I heard of a man doing in court here, to exclaim, "These allegations are false, sir, and the alligator knows it!" The last speech contained a charge the truth of which was so borne home to me during my sojourn in the States that I have never forgotten the gist of it, though of course I cannot pretend to reproduce the words.

What lies at the root of all this evil? The Press! Which of us here present would be willing to undertake the duties of any prominent post in this city, knowing to what he and all his family would be immediately exposed? His secrets dragged to light, his honor impugned, his buried past unearthed — no slander too foul to be fastened on his name — and all without redress! You may shoot the editor of a paper in which your wife or daughter has been traduced, and a jury will acquit you of murder; but if you bring an action against him for libel you will never obtain a conviction, or if you do, the penalty imposed will be a mockery. And whose fault is this? It is yours, gentlemen — yours, who do not resolve to put down with a strong hand this crying infamy, this disgrace to your country. In no other land would such outrages upon private individuals be tolerated. We boast of being a free people. I tell you that the Czar of all the Russias is not so great a tyrant as this Press of ours. No man's house is safe from its intrusion, no man's character secure from its attacks. Until we resolve to cut out this

plague-spot upon our civilization, which is eating into the heart of the nation, corrupting what is purest in the young, poisoning the daily draught of those who have lived and suffered, until we do this, the best citizens among us will stand aloof. Only those who have "squared" the newspapers, or are callous to obloquy, will get into the pillory to be pelted with rotten eggs.

In some such words as these the speaker inveighed against a public scandal of which, indeed, there can be but one opinion. As a rule the press is absolutely indifferent to the truth or falsehood of a statement. It is so much "copy," which will furnish matter for a denial, it may be for a controversy. The personal cruelty inflicted by gross slanders concerning private individuals, who have never come before the public, is not to be healed by contradiction, and is but a small part of the injury to the community at large. Every small town has its paper (price 2½¢), and there are many who read nothing but that paper every day. Habituating the mind thus to its morning mess of nastiness is a great national misfortune. It lowers the tone alike of moral appreciation and literary taste.

The interviewer has been sufficiently belabored by Mr. Rudyard Kipling for me to pass him by on the other side, like the Pharisee and the Levite. I cannot "bind up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine," like the Samaritan, for I think, as a rule, he richly deserves the castigation he receives; but this, in justice, I must say: With a much larger experience than Mr. Kipling's (we visited ninety-one towns) we did not find all the race equally bad. Many were unscrupulous liars. They came, they listened, and they went away, to write down whatsoever seemed good in their eyes, however far removed it might be from that which they had heard. But there were modest, intelligent men among them, anxious to tell the truth, with only so much amplification as the exigencies of their calling demanded. And of some the worst that could be said was that they came curiously ill-equipped to interrogate upon the special subject it would be supposed they would have been at the pains to get up. One of them asked Mr. Stanley in my presence whether any European power besides England had any direct interest in the civilization of Central Africa. Still, ignorance is not a crime; and for the sake of the "five just men" I am willing to believe that even an interviewer may be saved.

And now, with this charitable senti-

ment, I say farewell to the young giant through whose veins the generous blood courses more quickly every year; who is stretching his limbs as he learns the resources of his growing strength; a youthful Samson, justly charged with many of the faults of a passionate immaturity, but full of promise and of interest to those who are watching the development of his thews and sinews. The unprejudiced foreigner who visits the United States cannot but wish this young athlete God-speed upon his course. It is not an easy one; but if his judgment and his courage be equal to his strength, the difficulties that beset him will all in time be overcome.

HAMILTON AIDE.

From The Cornhill Magazine.
ON THE FRENCH-SWISS FRONTIER.

LES QUEUES — The Tails! A strange enough name, and one hardly suggestive of the pretty little group of houses, situated in rich meadow land on the edge of the fir forests, that owns this fantastic title. Can four houses, placed at about fifteen yards from each other, separated by meadows and by the unending smooth highway, be called a group? And if they are not a group, what else can one call them? They belong to no other cluster of houses, for those near at hand, like those far away in the distance, bear each one a different name. Here we have Les Combes, there Le Chaux-Faux, now La Roche, now again Les Crozots, and so on *ad infinitum*; all groups, more or less large, of picturesque houses, rising out of greenest verdure and belted by the dark fir forest. But Les Queues is, for its size, the most visited — perhaps we may even venture to call it the most fashionable, if a little nook so entirely dependent on nature for its charms can be associated with the giddy goddess Fashion; and therefore I will attempt to give my readers a short description of this corner of the world which has not yet — impossible as it seems — been visited by the English or American tourist.

Les Queues is near the frontier between the Canton de Neuchâtel and the French province of Franche-Comté. Twenty years ago, before the rectification of this frontier-line, then very irregular, was affected, Les Queues was on the extreme edge of the Swiss frontier; at the present day it lies about five minutes distant from France. At intervals, while walking about

the country, one comes across grey stone *bornes*, or landmarks indicating the dividing line, and these are graven on one side with the Federal cross and on the other with the French fleur-de-lis. The undulating ranges of the Jura rise on all sides, and their distinguishing features are extensive and valuable fir forests, broad pasture lands, yellow patches of wheat, and, farther down the sides of the mountains, in sheltered nooks and in the valleys, clusters of picturesque red or grey roofs, with sometimes a graceful church spire rising from amongst them, mark the spot where hamlets lie. To the right of Les Queues, at a distance of two miles, flows the Doubs, an important and beautiful river that serves in part as a dividing line between France and Switzerland. The nearest town of importance is Locle, lying far below in the valley; it possesses ten thousand inhabitants, and is celebrated for its watchmaking.

The inhabitants of Les Queues, who may be taken as a sample of the people living in the Jura range, are extremely thrifty, cheerful, healthy, and clean. They are inclined to regard strangers with suspicion for the reason that foreigners are rare, and those who do visit the country are not always very creditable specimens. I don't think it would be easy to impose upon them, but when any case of real suffering or want presents itself ungrudging help meets the poor fellow-creature who is in need; for this reason there is no misery in the district. These people have a keen sense of the ludicrous, and an honest contempt for all kinds of shams and snobbery which sometimes betrays them into roughness of speech as well as action. Class distinctions are slightly observed; everybody, even the poorest peasant, is addressed as *monsieur* or *madame*; a workman will often use the familiar *thou* in speaking to his *patron*, or employer, for in many instances they have been at school together. As a consequence of such republican habits, politeness of manner and the little refinements in use amongst larger communities are not much cultivated; indeed I fancy they are despised, even considered suspicious. There is no national costume worn; coarse cotton blouses are much used amongst the men, no matter what their employment may be; the elderly women sometimes wear a close fitting crimped white cap of French origin. The long, rigorous cold and damp of the climate in these mountain regions is the reason why the people are rather addicted to drinking frequently, and in larger quanti-

ties than is good for them. The favorite beverages are a thin, red wine and alas! a very inferior kind of brandy extracted partly from potatoes, called vulgarly *la goutte*. *Boire la goutte*, which means imbibing a *petit verre*, or pennyworth, of this poison at all hours of the day or night, is a habit too often indulged in on the slightest provocation.

It is not surprising that at Les Queues, and generally in these tiny hamlets so near the French border, many French customs prevail, and that the predominating religion should be Roman Catholic. At ten minutes' walk from Les Queues one discovers amongst the surrounding trees the quaint little Roman Catholic church of La Chau-Faux, the resort of the simple, devout mountaineers for miles around. In the meadow land near the church is a large crucifix, serving as a landmark between France and Switzerland, and this is the favorite spot where the pretty processions that take place on important feast days are held. The red frocks and tippets of the small chorister boys surrounding M. le Curé; the white dresses and gay ribbons of the *Filles de Marie*, who carry proudly their small banners; the richly decked, heavy candles with their gold ornaments—all stand out in a bright relief against the background of sloping, vivid green meadow. The church itself is tastefully arranged with sweet-faced statues of the Virgin and Child, and many other ornaments appealing strongly to the emotional, imaginative side of human nature. M. le Curé, in his short, white surplice trimmed with deep rich lace, and a grave, not to say sanctimonious expression on his young face, preaches a brief and practical homily to his attentive flock. After the sermon, while he and his attendant choristers are performing before the altar curious evolutions savoring slightly of the theatre—suddenly a woman's clear, sweet voice fills the church—"Ave Maria, Mater Dei, ora pro nobis"—in slow, plaintive accents. Not a sound is heard but the soft notes of the organ and the voice of the unseen singer, who might be an angel from heaven, descended in the growing twilight to hallow the simple worship. The effect is beautiful, and perhaps more efficient than many a sermon, for the woman's rich notes and the quaint grandeur of the Latin words go straight to the heart, bringing tears to the eyes—a result sermons do not always produce.

The chief employments of the people are watchmaking for the large watch fac-

ories of Locle, farming, and, in the summer, taking care of cows and making dairy produce. Cows are sent up to the mountains, à l'alpage, from the villages lying down in the valleys. They are put out to board from May to September, and from twenty to thirty francs is paid for each animal. Here they enjoy the cool air and the sweet grass that makes the milk very good. Milk, warm from the cow, forms part of the mountain cure for invalids. A cow is expected to yield from fifteen to twenty quarts of milk a day. The cows enjoy entire liberty even at night; they rove about the forest, where the grass is particularly fragrant with herbs, also along the sides of the wide, long roads, and their progress is only stopped by low limestone walls, the stones of which are piled one on the top of the other without cement. To prevent the possibility of the cows being lost, a bell is attached by a strap to the neck of each animal. The bells vary according to the size of the beast, but they, as well as the strap, seem very heavy—and yet the cows are supposed to be very proud of their ornaments; these are often shaped like ordinary hand-bells, but some are narrow and flattened at the sides, also rather longer than is usual with bells. But, whatever their form, they certainly make very pretty music. One hears their tinkle, tinkle, in a variety of different tones, resounding from out of the forest depths, and from the grassy slopes; this is often the only sound brought by the still, crisp mountain air. Cows are not allowed into the fir plantations, because they are very fond of nibbling off the sprouts of the young trees, which not only spoils their beauty, but also injures them for useful purposes.

Watchmaking is carried on to a great extent, though it is not so lucrative an employment as it used to be, for the reason that foreign apprentices, who came to perfect themselves in the trade, have now established a business elsewhere; consequently the demand for manufactures coming from the Jura Mountains, which were once impossible to rival, has considerably declined. A good worker was able to make from twenty-five to thirty francs a day; even now a skilled hand can earn in a day from ten to fifteen francs. The numerous commercial houses of Locle give out special employment to their different hands, male and female—for young ladies add a nice little sum to their stock of pocket-money and future *dot*, or marriage portion, by this means—who take it to their homes, where they work at the many

delicate branches of a watch's machinery — the case, the hands, the polishing of the whole, etc. In nearly all the rustic cottages, as, indeed, in the more imposing village apartments, one sees, arranged before a good-sized window, a wide plank, on which is placed a little wheel and many other dainty tools. Here the watchmaker pursues his daily labors, except on Sundays, from early morning until far into the night. From the fact of the work being carried on before a window, the French in derision nickname watchmaking *travailler sur la fenêtre*. As the watchmakers are incessantly exposed to keen draughts of icy-cold air that penetrate even through double windows and all kinds of woollen or felt protections, the huge, ugly, iron or white-tiled stoves are lighted early and late in the year; sometimes they have to be kept alight all the year round, for no good work can be done with benumbed fingers. Watchmakers like their delicate, clean, and useful work, which only demands good sight, moderate intelligence, and light, dexterous fingers to become a lucrative employment. The work is not, as might be imagined, injurious to the eyes; indeed the constant strain is said to strengthen the sight, but of this fact one cannot be sure. I have heard of an old man, eighty years of age, who continues to work, which proves that watchmaking is not injurious to the health.

Amongst this busy people, mostly occupied during the week at a sedentary trade, the Sunday is naturally the day for long walks and amusements of all kinds that are sometimes prolonged over to the Monday. As, of the four houses composing Les Queues, two are *café-restaurants*, in spite of its seclusion, on fine Sundays the little spot is gay with merry-makers. The favorite amusements are ninepins, open-air dances, and the consumption of a large, round, flat cake called, rather appropriately, *la sèche*, accompanied by beer, wine, and *la goutte*, which creature-comforts are laid out on long wooden tables, placed with their several benches on the green sward at the verge of the forest. For the juvenile portion of the assembly, rarely small in Switzerland, there are swings, see-saws, merry-go-rounds, and the beautiful fir forests that yield to their eager fingers a plentiful harvest of wild strawberries, raspberries, whortleberries, nuts, mushrooms, and sweet-scented nosegays of gaily tinted wild flowers.

The game of ninepins in use at Les Queues is most primitive. At about six yards from each other are placed two

sheds with wooden floors — one protects the players from rain, the other shelters the heavy ninepins. Between the sheds there are two wide planks, sloping gently, and well wetted that the ball may slide easily to its goal. Sufficiently distant to be clear of the game, two young stems of fir-trees are fixed near together, and aslant, forming a kind of open tube, down which the balls are rolled back to the player by the man who arranges the pins after each throw. The balls are of wood and the size of a football; they are scooped out to the depth of two inches at the top under the circumference of the wood, forming a small, arched handle. They are extremely clumsy, requiring to be swung backwards and forwards several times before the proper impetus is gained with which to slide them up the plank. The game must be most fatiguing; yet the continuous dull thud of the balls against the pins assures one that the amusement being pursued with untiring vigor during the whole day, for a stake seemingly inadequate compared with the amount of labor expended.

Open-air dancing is a great feature of these Sunday entertainments. In a field, on a raised wooden platform, is the bandstand, round which, in a boarded enclosure, the dancers disport themselves. The Terpsichorean delights may be procured at the moderate sum of one penny for every gentleman, the fair sex being gallantly exempted from all payment; even if two ladies dance together they are permitted to do so gratis. The music is good as far as the quality goes; but there is a certain amount of sameness about the selection, because a jigging polka is the popular dance. The dancing, wonderfully select considering the admittance fee, is amusing, likewise the dancers, who betray much earnestness in trying to maintain an easy yet dignified deportment — a result they achieve with moderate success.

The larger of the two *cafés* at Les Queues is also a *pension*, much frequented during the summer holidays by ladies from Locle who desire the benefits of pure air and simple, nourishing food for themselves and their children. The *pension* is extremely cheap, clean — very rustic of course; but for a summer's change of air, when one's time is spent out of doors, there are few places where the delights of country life can be more thoroughly enjoyed than at this unpretentious little *pension* with its obliging proprietors.

The winter lasts from October to April;

it is very severe. Snow falls to the depth of one mètre, and when there are drifts one sometimes hears of people being lost in the white wilderness. To obviate this danger, posts are fixed in the snow along the side of the highway in order to mark the roads; these latter are cleared by means of a triangular wooden machine, to which from six to eight horses are attached. After a severe frost, when the snow is hard and the sun shines brightly on the glistening white hills and on the fir-trees bearing gracefully their soft-looking, yet heavy burden, winter wears no gloomy appearance. Snow is hailed with pleasure, for both the land and its people are the better for it; its warm covering preserves the pastures from frost, and the dry, crisp cold it brings is infinitely healthier than a rainy winter with the attendant evils of rheumatism and bronchitis. During the summer rain is frequent, but when fine weather comes it comes in earnest. One revels in the soft, warm sunshine that inundates the wide landscape and brings out the many beautiful shades of green on hill, vale, and forest. Three fine days following each other is a rare event—generally there are heavy showers or else a thunderstorm in between. But showers, heavy storms even, do not damp one's enjoyment of this pleasant land; they are so soon over, the sun shines so brightly afterwards, and, as the sloping limestone soil allows the rain to run off as it falls, there are no inconvenient puddles with mud. When, however, rain sets in for the day, things in general do not wear a cheerful aspect; the fir forests look very gloomy; dark, sullen clouds trail low down, enviously hiding their slender heads in a mantle of grey mist; the regular fall of the rain is intensely irritating; there is far too much monotony about the green hills whose very beauty is owing to this odious damp. Everything is wet; the patient cows under the trees look wearily about for absent sunbeams, and the lonely figure of the little shepherdess, sitting upright on the low stone wall under her big umbrella, is a living refutation of the idea that pastoral life consists only in sunshine and pretty Watteau frocks. September is considered here as the finest month of the year, and with reason—the weather is generally bright and, though cold, not too cold; I have enjoyed a whole fortnight of perfect sunshine in September.

The picturesque little houses at Les Queues are built entirely with reference to the cold; their foundations are of lime-

stone; also the walls up to the level of the roof, about five feet from the ground, and these are whitewashed; the upper part of the walls is of dark wood. The roofs slope very abruptly so that the snow may slip off easily whenever a thaw sets in, otherwise they might be forced down by its accumulated weight; their eaves project far beyond the house-wall. The roofs are made either of red or small wooden tiles that become grey by exposure; where these latter are used, big stones must be placed on the roof at intervals to render it more secure. Wooden roofs are more expensive, less serviceable, but infinitely prettier than the more modern tiles. Unfortunately, many ancient picturesque usages are more costly and less practical than our useful, but ugly, modern inventions.

All the houses dotted about the country are built very much alike. The *grange*, or barn, used as hayloft and lumber-room, is at the back of the house. Here the quaint furniture, etc., belonging to generations past is stored; curious-shaped, cumbersome cupboards hustle sacks of old rags, which in turn are pressed close by agricultural implements, piles of firewood and of *tourbe*, a kind of peat used also for fuel. Many pretty things are mixed up with the heavy old furniture; in one distant corner I found a dainty little wooden cradle, used for the great-grandmother of the house and many another round, rosy, well-loved babe; now, alas! it is put away forever. A part of the *grange* is raised much higher than the rest; the hay is stored here, and very green it looks; close by it, from a beam in the rafters, carefully enveloped in cotton covers, hang the Sunday frocks of *Mademoiselle Zéphirine*, a daughter of the house. The *grange* is also used for hanging out washing in wet weather, and for storing dirty clothes; as these latter are washed but twice a year, it may be imagined how desirable a large and airy storeroom must be.

By the door at the side of the house one enters immediately into the large, dark, low-ceilinged kitchen, paved with irregular stone flags. In the centre of the ceiling there is an opening about two square yards wide, the base of the huge black wooden chimney, rising sometimes to a great height, and getting narrower by degrees, till at the top it is only a square half-yard wide. The only means of lighting the kitchen are by a little window near the pump at the door, and the chimney-hole gleaming far away at the apex of the

enormous cavern; this hole is opened or closed at pleasure by pulling a rope attached to an adjustable board nailed on the chimney-top. The large *foyer*, or hearth, where the wood fire blazes, is directly under the chimney, and at hand stands a big wooden block and chopper for preparing the fuel. Close by is a great stone oven for making bread and pastry; twenty large flat loaves can be easily baked in its large recesses at the same time—a convenience, as in some families bread is only baked once a month. This home-made bread has a most agreeable taste, but, as it is heavy, a little of it goes a long way. The iron cooking-pots are slung over the fire by means of hooked chains fixed to a pole fastened to the chimney-wall about four feet from the ground; a larger pole is fixed higher up in the chimney and across the opening; on it two wooden planks, with pegs in them, are steadied against the chimney-wall at about a yard's distant from each other. When a pig is killed, the joints of pork and the sausages are placed on these pegged planks and left there all the winter, in order that the meat may be well cured by the plentiful smoke from the wood fire. Hams cured in this manner are said to be excellent. But though the chimneys are very large, it must not be inferred that all the smoke issues at once from the open fireplace by its proper channel; the blackened kitchen ceiling, the dark-complexioned walls, and often, doubtless, the dirty faces of the inhabitants, attest that hams are not the only articles well smoked in these primitive dwellings.

The bedrooms are up-stairs to the front of the house on the sunny side; as a rule they are cheerful, small, and very low-ceilinged rooms, wainscoted with wood and arranged to form parlor and bedroom in one. The custom of covering beds with heavy curtains used to be very general; nowadays it is dying out, though in the room I visited curtains were still in use. "*Ma fie!* they are no longer the fashion," explained the obliging lady who showed me over her house; "but, as they were my mother's, we leave them." The bedroom walls are always gay with colored engravings of the Virgin and saints, pretty little stands for holy water, family photos ranged in a straight line, curious illustrations of ancient legends, and occasionally a case full of little graven images and relics of all sorts. The bedrooms communicate with the kitchen by a very steep, narrow, dark wooden staircase. Some-

times one finds in a little back room, sacred to dust and rats, a loom used for making a coarse, warm carpet, much in favor, as its fabrication necessitates the employment of all the old rags obtainable.

What seems most remarkable about these cottages is the lowness of their ceilings and the quantity of wood used in their structure—two consequences of a rigorous climate. House insurance is compulsory.

Flowers are greatly cultivated by the mountaineers, who feel a tenderer regard for nature's sweet children than might perhaps be the case were they less difficult to rear. The window-sills are filled with bright geraniums and nasturtiums, standing out in gay relief against the dark wooden house-wall. With the September frosts the pretty plants disappear indoors for eight long months.

There is a great deal of smuggling carried on at the frontier-line. The articles smuggled from Switzerland to France are chiefly tobacco, sugar, and coffee; from France to Switzerland the trade is in cattle, gunpowder, and household goods. The smugglers usually pass the frontier by a dangerous passage across the river Doubs and the rocks in its vicinity called the Saut du Doubs. The perils of this romantically beautiful passage are increased by the darkness, the fear of custom-house officers, and by heavy packages of contraband goods which impede the free use of the limbs. Each man is armed with an alpenstock and a pistol; he carries his bundle fastened to his back by a heavy strap, which can be detached and the bundle rolled down the adjacent precipice at the first signal of danger and pursuit. Naturally the men who are willing to face such risks both to life and pocket—for the loss of a bundle of goods is a serious affair—are much admired and aided by the peasants of both countries. They, as well as the smugglers, are convinced not only of the harmlessness of smuggling, but that they are actually conferring a boon on society by obtaining for it articles which can be sold at a much cheaper rate than if they paid duty fees. But goods are often conveyed across the frontier, in small quantities it is true, in a much more public manner. Wagoners, dogs, travelers, railway officials, and even the custom house officers themselves, are all more or less engaged in smuggling. Late at night one sometimes hears the roll of heavy wagons passing through Les Queues

Wondering what could keep the hard-working peasants up to an hour so advanced beyond their usual bedtime, I once inquired the reason. "Ce sont les contrabandiers," was the reply, which brought with it a fine flavor of wild romance, suggesting midnight raids, hand-to-hand struggles in the depths of dark forests, and the groans of dying men. Needless to say, nobody volunteered to stop the course of the wagons. When smugglers are caught they are punished by severe imprisonment at Pontarlier and by heavy fines, but as yet I understand that defaulters are not inconveniently crowded in their French prisons.

The passion for smuggling possessed by people who, living near the frontier, profit largely by its advantages, gives rise sometimes to most amusing incidents. Ladies, ever alive to the delights of a bargain, are inveterate smugglers. I heard recently that a party of them, with their children, hired a wagonette ostensibly for the pleasure of a drive from Locle, Switzerland, to Morteaux, a little French village; in reality they were all intent on buying crockery, etc., to be brought back concealed about their persons. Arrived at Morteaux, they proceeded to make numerous purchases, which straightway disappeared by some means into the mysterious depths of the buyers' clothing. A sugar-basin was fitted into a bonnet, a saucepan served for a bustle, and one ingenious dame outdid her compeers by adjusting a set of plates in such wise as to imitate, very successfully, the form of a lady in an interesting condition! Imagine the laughter, the broad jokes, the crowding together in the wagonette on their return, the fun of hoodwinking Messieurs les Douaniers, and the excitement caused by a possibility of detection. I am glad to say that in this instance "fortune favored the brave." Such devotion to the family interests deserved success.

It is said that the best of everything should be kept for the last, and on this principle I have devoted the concluding paragraphs of my article to the fir forests of Les Queues. These beautiful forests surround one at all points. In the distant valleys they appear as dark, blue-black patches dividing the stretches of verdure; nearer at hand their growth is more extensive, and at last they crown every spot, peak after peak is hidden by the splendid trees, straight as darts, the pride of the Canton de Neuchâtel. But to enjoy the forests to perfection one must not be content to view them from afar—one must

penetrate into their depths until on all sides nothing can be seen but the tall, symmetrical trunks of the forest giants rising like sentinels thick and close around one, their heavy branches darkening the midday air, and their faultlessly shaped heads standing out against the clear blue sky. Then, while reposing on a soft, enticing carpet of moss and grass, scented sweetly by numerous aromatic herbs, bedecked by delicate harebells and a profusion of pretty wild strawberries, gleaming so red against the light green leaves that one cannot resist the desire to pick and eat plentifully of such charming food—then, with no more disturbing sounds around than the distant, never-ceasing tinkle of the cow-bells, the occasional fall of a pine-cone, and the sleep-inducing hum of busy insects, one is beguiled into believing that perfect happiness and peace have not yet deserted our tired world. The eye is delighted by long vistas of trees whose grey, lichen-covered trunks the sun lightens up here and there with bright patches of silver; and the sun finds out exquisite, golden-brown tints in the abundant moss that covers everything within its reach; the low stone walls dividing the forest into sections, the long roots of the trees, the grey limestone boulders, and the great stumps of ancient forest kings that have been sent long since to the shipbuilding works of Marseilles—all are alike made lovely by this magnificent mantle. Amongst the firs there are many beech-trees whose lighter foliage waves, vivid green, in the pleasant breeze that is not strong enough to move the great trees. Suddenly another sound disturbs the stillness, and one rises in haste to search for the rushing mountain stream that appears to be hurrying by behind the trees at no considerable distance. But the same sound, heard again and more distinctly, convinces one that there is no stream; it is only the wind moaning through the forest and bending the huge trees with its might. Here and there a trunk is marked with a deep lightning scar; the forests attract storms, and in this way they serve as a protection to the surrounding hamlets. But the poor cows that take refuge under their branches do not find the same security; after a thunderstorm the unfortunate beasts are sometimes found struck dead at the foot of the trees.

The forest contains many useful plants used by good wives for their simple *tisanes* and lotions for sprains, bruises, etc. The odor of the firs which impregnates the air is very salubrious, especially for persons

with delicate chests and lungs. The young fir-sprouts, also the aromatic forest herbs, are used medicinally. When picked, boiling water is poured over them and they are left for some hours to infuse. This infusion is used as a strengthening bath for weakly, anæmic children. One finds many different kinds of mushrooms growing in the damp moss and grass, some good, some bad; I noted a kind called *la chevette*, bearing a curious resemblance to a growth of white coral. In the moss one sees growing a strange kind of orchid, bell-shaped and waxen-colored. Another feature of the forest is the number of peculiar anthills, made by a large species of black ant. These hills are formed of the dried fir-foliage, called *dard*, which falls to the ground in quantities, and is collected in great heaps by the industrious little creatures. While observing them at their unceasing labors, one is filled with admiration mingled with awe for the wonderful thrift Dame Nature shows in turning everything to account. In the meadows there are numerous little grassy hillocks formed by a small red ant that stings, whereas its friend of the forest is perfectly harmless. Some people even pretend that a quantity of these black ants, boiled in a strengthening infusion, is an efficacious remedy for rheumatism.

Moonlight nights at Les Queues are very beautiful. Coming as I did from Italy, where the moon is most exquisite, I supposed that there would be little to admire in the moonlight of this northern country. I was agreeably surprised; the beauty of one night especially remains in my memory. The moon, not yet full, was shining through a light veil of soft, fleecy clouds, stretched far away on all sides, that, instead of hiding her charms, rather revealed them by diffusing her rays in a silver radiance flooding earth and sky. Against moonlit clouds on all sides the gracefully pointed outlines of the fir-tops were sharply cut out. Over the gently undulating pasture-land the hazy light fell in mild loveliness. But in the forest itself all was dark, except where a green glade or mossy bank, not too closely protected by the guardian trees, offered free passage to a bright ray. A pity there was no Endymion asleep on the thyme-scented, harebell-adorned couch to be kissed and covered by the argentine light. I waited, but none appeared, and I heard no music beyond the sweet-toned, but very earthly, cow-bells. And so at last I had to go to bed with the regret that in our times there should be no Endymions.

From Macmillan's Magazine.

MOLTKE AS A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE life and labors of Count Moltke will provide themes for writers of many nationalities for a long time to come. Characters of such various excellence are rare indeed. In him met the patriot, the soldier, the traveller, the omnivorous reader, the untiring student, the master of literary style, the devoted husband, the simple and high-minded gentleman. The peculiar circumstances of his country have naturally brought his military genius into a prominence greater than that vouchsafed to his other qualities. Yet every side of his character contributed its own share to the singular completeness of his public services. To have shattered the bullying militarism of France was to Moltke no mere strategical triumph. It was the end of German servitude, the end of divided counsels, the end of a situation in which one German prince made mean bargains with the common enemy, while another was consumed with patriotic shame. Englishmen above all, despite the lessons of five hundred years' war with France, need to be reminded of these facts. The silver streak of the Channel, as yet unbridged and untunnelled, has, no doubt, proved a safer defence than the Rhine. Yet, throughout the world, from Newfoundland to the Pacific, England is beset by French "claims" which generally derive peculiar acidity from their connection with some ancient French defeat. To Moltke, who was born in the days of Germany's shame, her emancipation was a high and holy work. The native of a country which centuries of French aggression had covered with ruins, and whose people long subjection to the will of France had largely denationalized, could have but small occasion to think of himself more highly than he ought to think. Here lies perhaps the secret both of Moltke's modesty and of his silent concentration on the task before him. It is true that recent French commentators see in this side of his character little beyond "the ferocity of a pietist who looks on war as a divine institution."* We see in it rather a recognition that the highest human gifts, the rarest professional skill, were but the means of securing the emancipation of Germany from a yoke as unnatural as it was ancient and strong. A mind so disciplined would regard success as matter not for offensive jubilation but for heartfelt gratitude. And so we learn without surprise

* *République Française*, April 26th, 1891.

that when the white flag appeared on the walls of Sedan, Moltke exclaimed that now perhaps the Reichstag would vote adequate supplies for the national defence. It would argue small knowledge of French ways of thought to marvel at the writer in the *République Française* who censures Moltke's "ignorance of the poetry of war." Had a French marshal had the chance of standing under similar conditions before Mainz or Ehrenbreitstein his comments would no doubt have been of a highly poetical nature.

Moltke's military work and his general labors in the cause of German unity will, we repeat, be amply dealt with by soldiers and politicians. At the date of his death half-a-dozen accounts of his life were already in existence. In time to come the history of his campaigns will long form a subject for elaborate technical comment. His own laborious methods are open to every soldier, though in other hands they may compass but a modest share of his practical success. His political work, again, is likely to retain an enduring interest for the patriots of every country. His deep study of the national needs, his untiring advocacy of every measure, however unpopular, which tended to the strength and independence of Germany, the humble devotion of his great genius to the public service — these are examples for imitation by Englishmen as well as Germans. In these few pages neither the soldier nor the statesman will be discussed, but the man as he showed himself in days of comparative obscurity to the readers of his inimitable letters from foreign countries. These writings are insufficiently known in England, owing as well to the lateness of their appearance in an English dress as to the concentration of public interest on his triumphs in the field. We find in them the same combination of serious matter with humorous comment which delights us in the pages of "Eothen." His power of seizing the features of a new city or country, or of explaining the circumstances of a people by a rapid mental retrospect of their history, is supplemented by a power of expression which is no less remarkable. His private letters, like his military treatises, abound with descriptive paragraphs which present the results of study and experience in a form lucid, concentrated, and clear-cut as a cameo. Be the subject grave or gay, lively or severe, the reader is left under the double charm of matter and manner. Moltke's personal character stands out from every page of these confidential utterances. Here are dis-

played his unchanging love for friends and relations, his sympathy with distress, his worship of duty, his contempt of ostentation, his deep consciousness of the painful inequalities of human life. Here also we recognize the militant side of a character which, with just a tinge of insular prejudice, we have set up as peculiarly English. Moltke appears as the quick, determined man of action, full of resource in difficulty, and alive to the ridiculous side even of a loss or failure.

The German officer, with all his undeniable bravery, self-control, and industry, is not a popular person in this country. The ordinary British civilian knows him, or rather imagines him, as a stiff, narrow, pedant, filled with a belated feudal arrogance and with contempt for the humbler classes of his own and every other country. Notions such as these may perhaps be modified by study of the mind of one who was for a whole generation greatest among these decried warriors. "It is impossible," said the *Times*, when commenting on Moltke's death, "that a mind and a character of this kind should have been so long dominant in the German army, and so long respected among the German people, without leaving a deep mark on the rising generation."

Moltke's letters from foreign countries belong to three periods of time. His "Letters from Turkey" were written during the years 1835 to 1839 to his sister, Mrs. Burt. In the last of these years he joined the staff of the Turkish army opposed to the forces of Mehemet Ali the rebel viceroy of Egypt, and his valiant son Ibrahim Pasha. Second in order come his "Wanderings about Rome," which he wrote while holding the position of adjutant to Prince Henry of Prussia from 1845 to 1846. On the prince's death in 1846 he paid a flying visit to Spain and wrote his "Spanish Diary," which records the disgust inspired in him by the only bull-fight that he ever witnessed. The third division of his letters belongs to the year 1856, the year of the Peace of Paris. In the month of August he attended Prince Frederick William of Prussia (the late Emperor Frederick III.) to the coronation of the Czar Alexander II. at St. Petersburg. The "Letters from Russia" which described his experiences, were addressed to his English wife, Mrs. Burt's step-daughter, to whom he had been married since 1842. He next visited England with the prince, who was, two years later, to become our queen's son-in-law. In 1858 and 1861 he was again in England. No

student of Moltke's works can have failed to observe the frequency of his references to the history and political and social conditions of our country. In Asiatic Turkey he praises Colonel Chesney for his "glorious failure" to establish steam communication with India by the Euphrates Valley, and he announces to his wife that his own surveys now form a continuation of those made by that illustrious officer. In discussing the Turkish views of Western dress he quotes Morier's "Hajji Baba." From Malatiah, which possessed no carriage, he writes that the most wretched vehicle would be here "like Queen Victoria's coronation coach." In Russia the architecture of English manor-houses, the dome of St. Paul's, the drawing-rooms at St. James's Palace, the "natural velvet of the Windsor turf," the origin and national position of the English nobility, the wages of English laborers, are among the parallels which he employs in the relation of the motley sights and circumstances surrounding him.

From England he accompanied his prince to Paris, where he spent ten days. Brief as are the comments of his "Letters from Paris" on a sojourn mainly occupied in pleasure, it is abundantly clear that he doubted the stability of the second empire. "You must read between the lines of my letters," he tells his correspondent. "Matters here are not in a normal condition. But it would be difficult to specify anything that needs amendment in the actual circumstances. Nobody can be his own grandson, and the position of the founder of a new dynasty differs much from that of the heir of an array of legitimate predecessors. One has only to keep to the old course; the other has to open out new paths, and infinitely more depends on his personality." Such are the sources whence we propose to draw our illustrations of some points in Moltke's mind and character. His own words, though in an English dress, will best attest his humor, his good feeling, his powers of perception and description, and his large share of that knowledge of the Asiatic character with which Englishmen have achieved such marvels throughout the East.

Here is a description of the Roman Campagna in 1846: "This waste Campagna has an indescribable charm of its own. It is the home of contrasts, of a past filled with the richest life, and of a present buried in the deepest silence. The castle of the Gaetani cleaves to Metella's grave, and the dome of Michael Angelo

rises above Nero's Circus. The graves of Christian martyrs lie side by side with heathen columbaria, and modern high-roads pass through the arches of ancient aqueducts. The thunder-stricken oak of Tasso looks down from yonder hills where Pyrrhus encamped. Steamers cut the flood of yellow Tiber, and soon railway trains will rush through the fields which once bore triumphal cars." In the same year Moltke visited La Carolina, near Cordova, where he found a German colony which aroused in him some bitter reflections. "It was like passing suddenly into a different country, for the people had fair hair and honest square German faces. This is a colony of Swabians which Olivarrez, the best of Spanish statesmen, settled here last century to increase the population of the Sierra Morena. Not a soul of them had retained a word of German, for our people are everywhere the best of settlers, the quietest of subjects, the most industrious of laborers, but they cease to be Germans. They are Frenchmen in Alsace, Russians in Courland, Americans on the Mississippi, and Spaniards in the Sierra Morena. Yes! they are ashamed of their own dismembered and impotent country!"

Moltke's Russian visit gave ample scope to his powers of description. Here is a portrait of Alexander II., then the centre of a gorgeous ceremonial, and whose mangled remains Moltke was to see committed to the grave in 1881. "The czar made a very pleasant impression on me. He possesses neither the classic beauty nor the marble severity of his father, Nicholas, but he is a singularly handsome man with a majestic bearing. He looks somewhat worn, and one is tempted to believe that events have marked his noble features with that gravity which conflicts with the benevolent expression of his great eyes. . . . Upon his accession he found Europe in arms against him, and within his own boundless empire he has yet to carry out reforms which need the firmest of hands. Could he then meet his mighty task other-wise than seriously?"

In a few lines he sketches the history of the growth of St. Petersburg: "Two centuries ago no inhabitant of Europe had ever heard of the Neva. The river had flowed for thousands of years through untrodden forests. It bore no vessel on its back, the Finnish hunters alone ranged now and then along its banks. Now, the Neva is famous throughout the world, it is one of the main arteries of the Russian Empire, it bears fleets of merchant men,

and provides half a million of human beings with their daily drinking water. It yields the only available clear water, that of all the wells is brown and unfit to drink. It is true that the river also constitutes a permanent danger to the city. The Gulf of Finland narrows like a funnel in the direction of St. Petersburg. A strong west wind drives the sea violently into this gut, the river water is forced back and the course of the Neva is reversed. If this happens when the ice is in motion the danger is increased. The islands are flooded first of all, then the water pours over the breastwork of the walled embankments and everything is submerged, as the highest point of the city is only fifteen feet above sea-level. In 1824 the floods reached the second stories of the houses. Many people were drowned, and the epidemics, caused by a dampness which nothing could remove, raged for a very long time. No town with a historical development would have been built in so defenceless a position. But the iron-willed czar wished it to be there, and so succeeding generations had to bear the consequences." With still fewer touches Moscow is thus brought before us: "When from the lofty terrace of the Kremlin I survey this enormous city, the white houses with roofs of bright green, and surrounded by dark trees, the high towers and innumerable churches with gilded domes, I think of the views of Prague from the Hradschin, of Pesth from Buda, or of Palermo from Monte Reale. Yet here everything is different, and as for the Kremlin, the centre of all this world, there is nothing with which you could compare it. These white battle-mented walls, fifty or sixty feet high, the huge towered gates, the mighty palace of the old czars, the palace of the patriarch, the bell-tower of Ivan Veliki, and the many quaint churches — these form a whole which cannot be found elsewhere in the world."

Here again is a dip into the past days of Russian subjection to the Tartars: "In the evening I drove to Petroskoi. . . . This fortress, painted red and white, with its lights falling through lofty windows on the dark forest below, is like some fabulous structure in the "Arabian Nights." In this country every monastery and castle is fortified. They constituted the only points which could be held when the Golden Horde came rushing on with its twenty or thirty thousand horsemen and devastated all the flat country. Long after their yoke had been broken, the Tartars

in their Khanate of the Crimea were terrible enemies. The watchmen gazed unceasingly from the summit of the Kremlin towards the wide plain to the south, and when the dust-clouds arose there and the great bell of Ivan Veliki sounded the alarm, then every human being fled behind the walls of the Kremlin or of the monasteries, against which the fury of the mounted hordes dashed fruitlessly and broke. In the monasteries the Christianity, the learning, and the civilization of Russia found safety, and from them in later times proceeded her liberation from the rule of Mongols and Poles."

Nothing in Russia impressed Moltke more strongly than the devoted submissiveness of the people, whether soldiers or civilians. "The Russian," he writes, "must positively have a master; if he has none, he sets himself to find one. Each community chooses its *Starost*, or elder, from its white-haired men, else it would be like a swarm of bees without a queen. 'Our land is good, but we have nobody over us. Come and rule us.' Thus ran the message of the Russian commons to Rurik the Varangian. . . . And so it is with the Russian soldier. Without his captain he would be in deadly perplexity. Who would think for him, lead him, or punish him? His captain may possibly defraud him of his due or ill-treat him in anger, but nevertheless he loves him better than he would a German officer whose punishments are just and well-considered. If a European soldier were to see his non-commissioned officer drunk, discipline would become impossible; but the Russian puts him to bed, wipes him clean, and obeys him as faithfully as ever on the morrow when his fit is over."

The following extract deals with a humble personage whose lot remained unaffected by the glories of his czar's coronation. On entering the army he had ceased to be a serf and so lost forever the right to be maintained by his owner. He had now been discharged without a pension: "To-day a discharged soldier, crippled at Sebastopol, asked me for alms. . . . Here was a man who, but a few months back, had bled for his country, and was now begging — begging in full sight of the Kremlin, the heart of this empire which owes its very existence to its faithful, God-fearing, brave, and patient soldiers. Surely these devoted sufferers must be heirs of Paradise. The newly made freeman with his long grey cloak and humbly bared head went off into the wide world of Holy Russia, and we — drove in the czar's car-

riage to a magnificent dinner." A similar passage occurs in Moltke's description of the Kurdish campaign of 1838: "At the gate of the captured fort I met a Kurd who was carrying his wounded brother. The poor fellow had been shot in the leg, and his bearer told me that his agony had already lasted a week. I sent for the surgeon, who said, 'Why, the man is only a Kurd!' He repeated this remark several times and with a raised voice, as though to say, 'Don't you see that your request is mere folly?' Now it is simply disgraceful to send three thousand men into the field attended by one ignorant barber. One of our gunners was run over eight days ago, and even to-day not a soul knows whether his leg is broken or only contused. Meanwhile the man lies helpless in his tent. This condition of the surgical service will, I hope, make Hafiz Pasha apply to the seraskier . . . Before the Turks have instituted their botanical garden and their high school at Galata Serai they will have lost hundreds of their best and most willing soldiers."

Most of the subsequent passages illustrate Moltke's singular appreciation of a humorous speech or situation: "The common Turk cannot imagine why his sultan should take the trouble to turn himself into a Giaour, and still cherishes the belief that the *elchis*, or foreign ambassadors, have only come to beg the padishah to confer a crown on their kings. 'Why,' said a mollah in the meeting at Bircdjik, 'should not ten thousand Osmanlis mount their horses to-day and ride to Moscow with a firm trust in Allah and their sharp swords?' 'Why not, indeed?' answered a Turkish officer, 'so long as their passports are countersigned at the Russian Embassy.' This officer was Reshid Bey, who was educated in Europe, but he spoke in French—a language in which he could say anything, for not a soul understood him."

Moltke was terribly hampered in one of his journeys by the slowness and indolence of the Turkish official who accompanied him. "Without your champagne," he writes, "I should never have towed my fat effendi so fast from Samsun to Karput. I always held out to him the prospect of a *Gumushbashi*, or 'silver-head,' if he rode well and we reached our quarters for the night. On a starry night," he continues, "I was standing on the ruins of the old Roman fortress of Zeugma. Deep down in a rocky ravine below me glittered the Euphrates, and the sound of its waters filled the peaceful evening. There did I

see Cyrus and Alexander, Xenophon, Cæsar, and Julian pass by me in the moonlight; from this very point had they seen the empire of Chosroes' dynasty across the river, and seen it exactly as I saw it, for here nature is of stone and unchangeable. So I determined to sacrifice to the memory of the great Roman people those golden grapes which they first introduced into Gaul, and which I had carried from the western to the eastern frontier of their broad empire. I hurled down the bottle which dived, danced, and slipped down the stream towards the Indian Ocean. You will be right, however, in surmising that I had first—emptied it. . . . That bottle had only one fault—it was the last I had."

The following conversation will remind many of the interview between Kinglake's British traveller and the pasha: "The next night I slept in the tent of a Turcoman chief. . . . After I had made myself as comfortable as I could, the chief, Osman Bey, came in and gave me a friendly greeting. When the influence of coffee and pipes had dispelled the silence in which such visits always begin, he asked for news from my Cimmerian home, much as we should question an inhabitant of the moon were he to fall like an aerolite on our planet. 'Had we got the sea with us?' 'Yes, and we take walks on it in the winter.' 'Did we grow much tobacco?' 'We fetched most of it from the New World.' 'Was it true that we cut off the ears and tails of our horses?' 'No, we only cut their tails.' 'Had we springs of flowing water?' 'Yes, except during a frost.' 'Had we any camels?' 'Yes, but they were only shown for money.' 'Did we grow lemons?' 'No.' 'Had we many buffaloes?' 'No.' He was nearly asking me whether the sun shone with us or whether we had nothing but gas. Meanwhile, and with a muttered 'Allah! Allah!' he suppressed the remark that my country must have been originally meant for polar bears."

At Nevsher, on the Kizil-Irmak, a personage named Kara Jehenna, or Black Hell, who had taken a leading part in the massacre of the Janissaries in 1826, refused either to receive Moltke or to give him horses. "I settled matters by walking straight up into his room, where his Hellish Majesty and I met like two men who are equally anxious to surrender no part of their dignity. . . . I took no notice of his presence, had my heavy boots pulled off by my servants, and then, covered as I was with every variety of soil, I marched up to

the best seat in the room. It was only then that I saluted my host who, in order to give me a taste of his European manners, answered 'Addio!' . . . 'What have you heard about me?' said he. 'That you are a good gunner and are called Black Hell.' It is not every one who would have taken this infernal sobriquet as a compliment, but it won my friend's heart. Breakfast and coffee were at once provided, and, in addition, most excellent horses, to the great delight of my Tartar." At Constantinople Moltke overheard some Turkish ladies criticising a party of Jewesses sitting near them in the Valley of Sweet Waters. "The ladies were much shocked by the indecent exposure permitted by the Jewish veils, which actually showed the face from the eyebrows to the upper lip, and also by the fact that the she-infidels were drinking brandy. 'Is that propriety?' asked a broad dame. 'Any decent woman would confine herself to a cup of coffee, a pipe of tobacco, *et voilà tout!*' I mention this for the information of ladies at home."

There were comic points even in the magnificent ceremonials of the Russian coronation: "After the great bell of Ivan had recorded the hour, two richly dressed heralds, with golden staves, tabards and helmets, issued from the Gate of the Redeemer . . . it was a great pity that one of them wore spectacles on his nose." Again at a service in the chapel of Peterhof: "The choir chanted a piece of the most impressive kind with a skill that was matchless. Composition and execution were alike unsurpassable. To my abject despair, a venerable Excellency behind me joined in the singing and was always out of tune, *sotto voce* it is true, but quite loud enough for my ears." A little later: "We drove to the beautiful Smolnoi Church . . . near it are several palatial buildings for the reception of spinsters of noble birth. As, however, the youngest of them is, and indeed must be, forty years we did not stay there very long." Again: "The fortress of St. Peter and St. Paul is said to contain the huge cash reserves which form the security for the paper money in circulation. . . . But I did not count them."

It is difficult to part from Moltke's letters without citing the passage which he devotes to the Mosque of St. Sophia, and with which I shall conclude. Here again Kinglake's immortal description of the sphinx presents a singular parallel in spirit and dignity: "Memories cluster thickest about the temple which Constantine erected to the Divine Wisdom, and

which still raises its limestone walls and leaden domes high above the last hill between the Propontis and the Golden Horn. There she still stands, the ancient Sophia. Like a venerable dame in a white robe and with her grey head resting on her mighty crutches, she gazes over the crowds that throng about her in the present, away to the land and sea in the distance. Deserted by her champions and her children, this Christian of a thousand years was forcibly converted to Islam. But she turns away from the grave of the Prophet and looks to the east at the face of the rising sun, to the south towards Ephesus, Antioch, Alexandria, Corinth, and the Redeemer's grave, to the west which deserted her, and to the north whence she expects her deliverance. Fire and siege, riot, civil war and fanatical destruction, earthquakes, storms, and tempests have broken their strength against these walls which have received Christian, Heathen, and Mahomedan emperors beneath their arches."

HAROLD A. PERRY.

From Longman's Magazine.
MELISSA'S TOUR.

LUCY looked across the table at me with a face of blank horror. "Oh, Vernon," she cried, "what are we *ever* to do? And an American at that! This is just *too* ghastly!" It's a habit of Lucy's, I may remark, to talk italics.

I laid down my coffee-cup, and glanced back at her in surprise. "Why, what's up?" I exclaimed, scanning the envelope close. "A letter from Oxford, surely. Mrs. Wade, of Christ Church — I thought I knew the hand. And *she's* not an American."

"Well, look for yourself!" Lucy cried, and tossed the note to me, pouting. I took it and read. I'm aware that I have the misfortune to be only a man, but it really didn't strike me as quite so terrible.

"Dear Mrs. Hancock, — George has just heard that your husband and you are going for a trip to New York this summer. *Could* you manage to do us a *very great* kindness? I hope you won't mind it. We have an American friend — a Miss Easterbrook, of Kansas City — niece of Professor Asa P. Easterbrook, the well-known Yale geologist, who very much wishes to find an escort across the Atlantic. If you would be so good as to take charge of her, and deliver her safely to Dr. Horace

Easterbrook, of Hoboken, on your arrival in the States, you would do a good turn to her, and, at the same time, confer an eternal favor on

"Yours very truly,

"EMILY WADE."

Lucy folded her hands in melodramatic despair. "Kansas City!" she exclaimed, with a shudder of horror. "And Asa P. Easterbrook! A geologist, indeed! That horrid Mrs. Wade! She just did it on purpose!"

"It seems to me," I put in, regarding the letter close, "she did it merely because she was asked to find a chaperon for the girl; and she wrote the very shortest possible note, in a perfunctory way, to the very first acquaintance she chanced to hear of who was going to America."

"Vernon!" my wife exclaimed, with a very decided air, "you men are such simpletons! You credit everybody always with the best and purest motives. But you're utterly wrong. I can see through that woman. The hateful, hateful wretch! She did it to spite me! Oh, my poor, poor boy; my dear, guileless Bernard!"

Bernard, I may mention, is our oldest son, aged just twenty-four, and a Cambridge graduate. He's a tutor at King's, and though he's a dear good fellow, and a splendid long-stop, I couldn't myself conscientiously say I regard guilelessness as quite his most marked characteristic.

"What are you doing?" I asked, as Lucy sat down with a resolutely determined air at her writing-table in the corner.

"Doing!" my wife replied, with some asperity in her tone. "Why, answering that hateful, detestable woman!"

I glanced over her shoulder, and followed her pen as she wrote:—

"My dear Mrs. Wade,—It was *indeed* a delight to us to see your neat little handwriting again. *Nothing* would give us greater pleasure, I'm sure, than to take charge of your friend, who, I'm confident, we shall find a most charming companion. Bernard will be with us, so she won't feel it dull, I trust. We hope to have a very delightful trip, and your happy thought in providing us with a travelling companion will add, no doubt, to all our enjoyment—especially Bernard's. We both join in very kindest regards to Mr. Wade and yourself, and I am ever

"Yours most cordially,

"LUCY B. HANCOCK."

My wife fastened down the envelope with a very crushing air. "There, *that*

ought to do for her," she said, glancing up at me triumphantly. "I should think she could see from that, if she's not as blind as an owl, I've observed her atrocious designs upon Bernard, and mean to check-mate them. If, after such a letter, she has the cheek to send us her Yankee girl to chaperon, I shall consider her lost to all sense of shame and all notions of decency. But she won't, of course. She'll withdraw her unobtrusively." And Lucy flung the peccant sheet that had roused all this wrath on to the back of the fireplace with offended dignity.

She was wrong, however. By next evening's post a second letter arrived, more discomposing, if possible, to her nerves than the first one.

"Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London.

"Dear Madam,—I learn from my friend Mrs. Wade of Oxford College, that you are going to be kind enough to take charge of me across the ocean. I thank you for your courtesy, and will gladly accept your friendly offer. If you will let me know by what steamer you start, I will register my passage right away in Liverpool. Also, if you will be good enough to tell me from what *départ* you leave London, and by what train, I will go along with you in the cars. I'm unused to travel alone.

"Respectfully,

"MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK."

Lucy gazed at it in despair. "A creature like that!" she cried, all horror-struck. "Oh, my poor, dear Bernard! The ocean, she says! Go along with you in the cars! Melissa P. Easterbrook!"

"Perhaps," I said tentatively, "she may be better than her name. And at any rate, Bernard's not *bound* to marry her!"

Lucy darted at me profound volumes of mute feminine contempt. "The girl's pretty," she said at last, after a long, deep pause, during which I had been made to realize to the full my own utter moral and intellectual nothingness. "You may be sure she's pretty. Mrs. Wade wouldn't have foisted her upon us if she wasn't pretty, but unspeakable. It's a vile plot on her part to destroy my piece of mind. You won't believe it, Vernon; but I *know* that woman. And what does the girl mean by signing herself 'respectfully,' I wonder?"

"It's the American way," I ventured gently to interpose.

"So I gather," my wife answered, with a profound accent of contempt. To her anything that isn't done in the purest

English way, stands *ipso facto*, self-condemned immediately.

A day or two later a second letter arrived from Miss Easterbrook, in reply to one of Lucy's, suggesting a rendezvous. I confess it drew up in my mind a somewhat painful picture. I began to believe my wife's fears were in some ways well grounded.

"Mrs. Lucy B. Hancock, London " (as before).

"Dear Madam, — I thank you for yours, and will meet you on the day and hour you mention at St. Pancras *dépôt*. You will know me when you see me, because I shall wear a dove-colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of grey spectacles.

"Respectfully,

"MELISSA P. EASTERBROOK."

I laid it down and sighed. "A New England schoolmarm!" I exclaimed with a groan. "It sounds rather terrible. A dove-colored dress, and a pair of grey spectacles! I fancy I can picture her to myself — a tall and bony person of a certain age, with corkscrew curls, who reads improving books, and has views of her own about the fulfilment of prophecy."

But as my spirits went down, so Lucy's went up, like the old man and woman in the cottage weather-glass. "That looks more promising," she said. "The spectacles are good. Perhaps after all dear Bernard may escape. I don't think he's at all the sort of person to be taken with a dove-colored bonnet.

For some days after Bernard came home from Cambridge we chaffed a good deal among ourselves about Miss Melissa Easterbrook. Bernard took quite my view about the spectacles and dress. He even drew on an envelope a fancy portrait of Miss Easterbrook, as he said himself, "from documentary evidence." It represented a typical schoolmarm of the most virulent order, and was calculated to strike terror into the receptive mind of ingenuous youth on simple inspection.

At last the day came when we were to go to Liverpool. We arrived at St. Pancras in very good time, and looked about on the platform for a tall and hard-faced person of Transatlantic aspect, arrayed in a dove-colored dress and a pair of grey spectacles. But we looked in vain; nobody about seemed to answer to the description. At last Bernard turned to my wife with a curious smile. "I think I've spotted her, mother," he said, waving his hand vaguely to the right. "That lady

over yonder — by the door of the refreshment room. Don't you see? That must be Melissa." For we knew her only as Melissa already among ourselves; it had been raised to the mild rank of a family witticism.

I looked in the direction he suggested, and paused for certainty. There, irresolute by the door and gazing about her timidly with inquiring eyes, stood the prettiest, tiniest, most shrinking little Western girl you ever saw in your life — attired, as she said, in a dove-colored dress, with bonnet to match, and a pair of grey spectacles. But oh, what a dove-colored dress! Walter Crane might have designed it — one of those perfect travelling costumes of which the American girl seems to possess a monopoly; and the spectacles — well, the spectacles, though undoubtedly real, added just a touch of piquancy to an otherwise almost painfully timid and retiring little figure. The moment I set eyes on Melissa Easterbrook, I will candidly admit, I was her captive at once; and even Lucy, as she looked at her, relaxed her face involuntarily into a sympathetic smile. As a rule, Lucy might pose as a perfect model of the British matron in her ampler and maturer years — "calmly terrible," as an American observer once described the genus; but at sight of Melissa she melted without a struggle. "Poor wee little thing, how pretty she is!" she exclaimed with a start. You will readily admit that was a great deal, from Lucy.

Melissa came forward tentatively, a dainty blush half rising on her rather pale and delicate little cheek. "Mrs. Hancock?" she said in an inquiring tone, with just the faintest suspicion of an American accent in her musical small voice. Lucy took her hand cordially. "I was sure it was you, ma'am," Melissa went on with pretty confidence, looking up into her face, "because Mrs. Wade told me you'd be as kind to me as a mother; and the moment I saw you I just said to myself, 'That *must* be Mrs. Hancock; she's so sweetly motherly.' How good of you to burden yourself with a stranger like me! I hope indeed, I won't be too much trouble."

That was the beginning. I may as well say, first as last, we were all of us taken by storm "right away" by Melissa. Lucy herself struck her flag unconditionally before a single shot was fired, and Bernard and I, hard hit at all points, surrendered at discretion. She was the most charming little girl the human mind can con-

ceive. Our cold English language fails, in its roughness, to describe her. She was *petite, mignonne*, graceful, fairy-like, yet with a touch of Yankee quaintness and a delicious *espièglerie* that made her absolutely unique in my experience of women. We had utterly lost our hearts to her before ever we reached Liverpool; and, strange to say, I believe the one of us whose heart was most completely gone, was, if only you'll believe it, that calmly terrible Lucy.

Melissa's most winning characteristic, however, as it seemed to me, was her perfect frankness. As we whirled along on our way across England, she told us everything about herself, her family, her friends, her neighbors, and the population of Kansas City in general. Not obtrusively or egotistically — of egotism Melissa would be wholly incapable — but in a certain timid, confiding, half-childlike way, as of the lost little girl, that was absolutely captivating. "Oh, no, ma'am," she said, in answer to one of Lucy's earliest questions, "I didn't come over alone. I think I'd be afraid to. I came with a whole squad of us who were doing Europe. A prominent lady in Kansas City took charge of the square lot. And I got as far as Rome with them, through Germany and Switzerland, and then my money wouldn't run to it any further; so I had to go back. Travelling comes high in Europe, what with hotels and fees and having to pay to get your baggage checked. And that's how I came to want an escort."

Bernard smiled good-naturedly. "Then you had only a fixed sum," he asked, "to make your European tour with?"

"That's so, sir," Melissa answered, looking up at him quizzically through those pretty grey spectacles. "I'd put away quite a little sum of my own to make this trip upon. It was my only chance of seeing Europe and improving myself a piece. I knew when I started I couldn't go all the round trip with the rest of my party; but I thought I'd set out with them, any way, and go ahead as long as my funds held out; and then when I was through I'd turn about and come home again."

"But you put away the money yourself?" Lucy asked, with a little start of admiring surprise.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered sagely.

"I know it. I saved it."

"From your allowance?" Lucy suggested, from the restricted horizon of her English point of view.

Melissa laughed a merry little laugh of

amusement. "Oh, no," she said; "from my salary."

"From your salary!" Bernard put in, looking down at her with an inquiring glance.

"Yes, sir; that's it," Melissa answered; all unabashed. "You see, for four years I was a clerk in the post-office." She pronounced it "clurk," but that's a detail.

"Oh, indeed!" Bernard echoed. He was burning to know how, I could see, but politeness forbade him to press Melissa on so delicate a point any further.

Melissa, however, herself supplied at once the missing information. "My father was postmaster in our city," she said simply, "under the last administration — President Blanco's, you know — and he made me one of his clerks, of course, when he'd gotten the place; and as long as the fun went on, I saved all my salary for a tour in Europe."

"And at the end of four years?" Lucy said.

"Our party went out," Melissa put in confidentially. "So, when the trouble began, my father was dismissed, and I had just enough left to take me as far as Rome, as I told you."

I was obliged to explain parenthetically, to allay Lucy's wonderment, that in America the whole *personnel* of every local government office changes almost completely with each incoming president.

"That's so, sir," Melissa assented, with a wise little nod. "And as I didn't think it likely our folks would get in again in a hurry — the country's had enough of us — I just thought I'd make the best of my money when I'd got it."

"And you used it all up in giving yourself a holiday in Europe?" Lucy exclaimed, half reproachfully. To her economic British mind such an expenditure of capital seemed horribly wasteful.

"Yes, ma'am," Melissa answered, all unconscious of the faint disapproval implied in Lucy's tone. "You see, I'd never been anywhere much away from Kansas City before; and I thought this was a special opportunity to go abroad, and visit the picture-galleries and cathedrals of Europe, and enlarge my mind, and get a little culture. To us, a glimpse of Europe's an intellectual necessary."

"Oh, then, you regarded your visit as largely educational?" Bernard put in, with increasing interest. Though he's a fellow and tutor of King's, I will readily admit that Bernard's personal tastes lie rather in the direction of rowing and football than of general culture; but still, the

American girl's point of view decidedly attracted him by its novelty in a woman.

"That's so, sir," Melissa answered once more, in her accustomed affirmative. "I took it as a sort of university trip. I graduated in Europe. In America, of course, wherever you go, all you can see's everywhere just the same, purely new and American. The language, the manners, the type don't vary; in Europe, you cross a frontier or a ribbon of sea, and everything's different. Now, on this trip of ours, we went first to Chester, to glimpse a typical old English town—those rows, oh! how lovely!—and then to Leamington, for Warwick Castle and Kenilworth. Kenilworth's just glorious, isn't it? with its mouldering red walls and its dark green ivy, and the ghost of Amy Robsart walking up and down upon the close-shaven English grass-plots."

"I've heard it's very beautiful," Bernard admitted gravely.

"What! you live so close, and you've never *been* there!" Melissa exclaimed in frank surprise.

Bernard allowed with a smile he had been so culpably negligent.

"And Stratford-on-Avon, too!" Melissa went on enthusiastically, her black eyes beaming. "Isn't Stratford just charming! I don't care for the interminable Shakespeare nuisance, you know—that's all too new and made up; we could raise a Shakespeare house like that in Kansas City any day; but the church, and the elms, and the swans, and the river! I made such a sweet little sketch of them all, so soft and peaceful. At least, the place itself was as sweet as a corner of heaven, and I tried as well as I could in my way to sketch it."

"I suppose it *is* very pretty," Bernard replied in a meditative tone.

Melissa started visibly. "What! have you never been there, either?" she exclaimed, taken aback. "Well, that *is* odd, now! You live in England, and have never run over to Stratford-on-Avon! Why, you do surprise me! But, there! I suppose you English live in the midst of culture, as it were, and can get to it all right away at any time; so, perhaps, you don't think quite as much of it as we, who have to save up our money, perhaps for years, to get, for once in our lives, just a single passing glimpse of it. You live at Cambridge, you see; you must be steeped in culture, right down to the finger-ends."

Bernard modestly responded, twirling his manly moustache, that the river and the running-ground, he feared, were more in his way than art or architecture.

"And where else did you go besides England?" Lucy asked, really interested.

"Well, ma'am, from London we went across by Ostend to Bruges, where I studied the Memlings, and made a few little copies from them," Melissa answered, with her sunny smile. "It's such a quaint old place, Bruges. Life seems to flow as stagnant as its own canals. Have you ever been there?"

"Oh, charming!" Lucy answered; "most delightful and quiet. But—er—who are the Memlings? I don't quite recollect them."

Melissa gazed at her, open-eyed. "The Memlings?" she said slowly; "why, you've just missed the best thing at Bruges if you haven't seen them. They've such a naïve charm of their own, so innocent and sympathetic. They're in the Hôpital de St. Jean, you know, where Memling put them. And it's so delightful to see great pictures like those—though they're tiny little things to look at—in their native surroundings, exactly as they were first painted—the Chasse de Ste. Ursule, and all those other lovely things, so infantile in their simplicity, and yet so exquisitely graceful, and pure, and beautiful. I don't know as I saw anything in Europe to equal them for pathos in their own way—except, of course, the Fra Angelicos at San Marco in Florence."

"I don't think I've seen them," Lucy murmured, with an uncomfortable air. I could see it was just dawning upon her, in spite of her patronizing, that this Yankee girl, with her imperfect command of the English tongue, knew a vast deal more about some things worth notice than she herself did. "And where did you go then, dear?"

"Oh, from Bruges we went on to Ghent," Melissa answered, leaning back, and looking as pretty as a picture herself in her sweet little travelling-dress, "to see the great Van Eyck, the 'Adoration of the Lamb,' you know—that magnificent panel picture. And then we went to Brussels, where we had Dierick Bouts and all the later Flemings; and to Antwerp, for Rubens and Vandyck and Quintin Matsys; and the Hague after that, for Rembrandt and Paul Potter; and Amsterdam in the end, for Van der Helst and Gerard Dow, and the late Dutch painters. So, you see, we had quite an artistic tour—we followed up the development of Netherlandish art, from beginning to end, in historical order. It was just delightful."

"I went to Antwerp once," Bernard put in, somewhat sheepishly, still twirling his

moustache; "but it was on my way to Switzerland; and I didn't see much, as far as I can recollect, except the cathedral and the quay and the hotel I was stopping at."

"Ah, that's all very well for *you*," Melissa answered, with a rather envious air. "You can see these things any day. But for us, the chance comes only once in a lifetime, and we must make the most of it."

Well, in such converse as this we reached Liverpool in due time, and went next morning on board our steamer. We had a lovely passage out, and all the way, the more we saw of Melissa, the more we liked her. To be sure, Lucy received a terrible shock the third day out, when she asked Melissa what she meant to do when she returned to Kansas City. "You won't go into the post-office again, I suppose, dear?" she said kindly, for we had got by that time on most friendly terms with our little Melissa.

"I guess not," Melissa answered. "No such luck any more. I'll have to go back again to the store as usual."

"The store!" Lucy repeated, bewildered. "I—I don't quite understand you."

"Well, the shop, I presume you'd call it," Melissa answered, smiling. "My father's gotten a bookstore in Kansas City; and before I went into the post-office I helped him at the counter. In fact, I was his saleswoman."

"I assure you, Vernon," Lucy remarked in our berth that night, "if an English-woman had said it to me, I'd have been obliged to apologize to her for having forced her to confess it, and I don't know what way I should ever have looked to hide my face while she was talking about it. But with Melissa it's all so different, somehow. She spoke as if it was the most natural thing on earth for her father to keep a shop, and she didn't seem the least little bit in the world ashamed of it either."

"Why should she?" I answered, with my masculine bluntness. But that was perhaps a trifle too advanced for Lucy. Melissa was exercising a widening influence on my wife's point of view with astonishing rapidity; but still, a perfect lady must always draw a line somewhere.

All the way across, indeed, Melissa's lively talk was a constant delight and pleasure to every one of us. She was so taking, that girl, so confidential, so friendly. We really loved her. Then her quaint little Americanisms were as pretty as herself—not only her "Yes, sirs," and her "No, ma'ams," her "I guess," and "That's

so," but her fresh Western ideas and her infinite play of fancy in the queen's English. She turned it as a potter turns his clay. In Britain, our mother tongue has crystallized long since into set forms and phrases. In America it has the plasticity of youth; it is fertile in novelty—nay, even in surprises. And Melissa knew how to twist it deftly into unexpected quips and incongruous conjunctions. Her talk ran on like a limpid brook, with a musical ripple playing ever on the surface. As for Bernard, he helped her about the ship like a brother, as she moved lightly around with her sylphlike little form among the ropes and capstans. Melissa liked to be helped, she said; she didn't believe one bit in woman's rights; no, indeed—she was a great deal too fond of being taken care of for that. And who wouldn't take care of her, that delicate little thing, like some choice small masterpiece of cunning workmanship? Why, she almost looked as if she were made of Venetian glass, and a fall on deck would shatter her into a thousand fragments.

And her talk all the way was of the joys of Europe—the castles and abbeys she was leaving behind, the pictures and statues she had seen and admired, the pictures and statues she had left unvisited. "Somebody told me in Paris," she said to me one day, as she hung on my arm on deck and looked up into my face confidently with that childlike smile of hers, "the only happy time in an American woman's life is the period when she's just got over the first poignant regret at having left Europe, and hasn't just reached the point when she makes up her mind that, come what will, she really *must* go back again. And I thought, for my part, then my happiness was fairly spoilt for life, for I shall never be able again to afford the journey."

"Melissa, my child," I said, looking down at those ripe, rich lips, "in this world one never knows what may turn up next. I've observed on my way down the path of life that when fruit hangs rosy-red on the tree by the wall, some passer-by or other is pretty sure in the end to pluck it."

But that was too much for Melissa's American modesty. She looked down and blushed like a rose herself. But she answered me nothing.

A night or two before we reached New York I was standing in the gloom, half hidden by a boat on the davits amidships, enjoying my vespertine cigar in the cool of evening; and between the puffs I caught from time to time stray snatches of a conversation going on softly in the twilight

between Bernard and Melissa. I had noticed of late, indeed, that Bernard and Melissa walked much on deck in the evening together; but this particular evening they walked long and late, and their conversation seemed to me (if I might judge by fragments) particularly confidential. The bits of it I caught were mostly, it is true, on Melissa's part (when Bernard said anything he said it lower). She was talking enthusiastically of Venice, Florence, Pisa, Rome, with occasional flying excursions into Switzerland and the Tyrol. Once as she passed I heard something murmured low about Botticelli's "Primavera;" when next she went by it was the Alps from Mürren; a third time, again, it was the mosaics at St. Mark's, and Titian's "Assumption," and the doge's palace. What so innocent as art, in the moonlight, on the ocean?

At last Bernard paused just opposite where I stood (for they didn't perceive me), and said very earnestly, "Look here, Melissa,"—he had called her Melissa almost from the first moment, and she seemed to prefer it, it seemed so natural—"look here, Melissa. Do you know, when you talk about things like that, you make me feel so dreadfully ashamed of myself."

"Why so, Mr. Hancock?" Melissa asked innocently.

"Well, when I think what opportunities I've had, and how little I've used them," Bernard exclaimed with vehemence, "and then reflect how few you've got, and how splendidly you've made the best of them, I just blush, I tell you, Melissa, for my own laziness."

"Perhaps," Melissa interposed with a grave little air, "if one had always been brought up among it all, one wouldn't think quite so much of it. It's the novelty of antiquity that makes it so charming to people from my country. I suppose it seems quite natural, now, to you that your parish church should be six hundred years old, and have tombs in the chancel with Elizabethan ruffs or its floor inlaid with Plantagenet brasses. To us, all that seems mysterious and in a certain sort of way one might almost say magical. Nobody can love Europe quite so well, I'm sure, who has lived in it from a child. *You* grew up to many things that burst fresh upon us at last with all the intense delight of a new sensation."

They stood still as they spoke and looked hard at one another. There was a minute's pause. Then Bernard began again. "Melissa," he faltered out, in a

rather tremulous voice, "are you sorry to go home again?"

"I just hate it!" Melissa answered with a vehement burst. Then she added after a second, "But I've enjoyed the voyage."

"You'd like to live in Europe?" Bernard asked.

"I should love it!" Melissa replied. "I'm fond of my folks, of course, and I should be sorry to leave them; but I just love Europe. I shall never go again, though. I shall come right away back to Kansas City now, and keep store for father for the rest of my natural existence."

"It seems hard," Bernard went on, musing, "that anybody like you, Melissa, with such a natural love of art and of all beautiful things—anybody who can draw such sweet dreams of delight as those heads you showed us after Filippo Lippi—anybody who can appreciate Florence and Venice and Rome as you do, should have to live all her life in a far western town, and meet with so little sympathy as you're likely to find there."

"That's the rub," Melissa replied, looking up into his face with such a confiding look (if any pretty girl had looked up at *me* like that, I should have known what to do with her; but Bernard was twenty-four, and young men are modest). "That's the rub, Mr. Hancock. I like—well, European society so very much better. Our men are nice enough in their own way, don't you know; but they somehow lack polish—at least, out West, I mean—in Kansas City. Europeans mayn't be very much better when you get right at them, perhaps; but on the outside, any way, to *me*, they're more attractive somehow."

There was another long pause, during which I felt as guilty as ever eavesdropper before me. Yet I was glued to the spot. I could hardly escape. At last Bernard spoke again. "I should like to have gone round with you on your tour, Melissa," he said; "I don't know Italy. I don't suppose by myself I could even appreciate it. But if *you* were by my side, you'd have taught me what it all meant; and then I think I might perhaps understand it."

Melissa drew a deep breath. "I wish I could take it all over again," she answered, half sighing. "And I didn't see Naples, either. That was a great disappointment. I should like to have seen Naples, I must confess, so as to know I could at least in the end die happy."

"Why do you go back?" Bernard

asked suddenly, with a bounce, looking down at that wee hand that trembled upon the taffrail.

"Because I can't help myself," Melissa answered, in a quivering voice. "I should like — I should like to live always in England."

"Have you any special preference for any particular town?" Bernard asked, moving closer to her — though, to be sure, he was very, very near already.

"N—no; n—none in particular," Melissa stammered out faintly, half sidling away from him.

"Not Cambridge, for example?" Bernard asked, with a deep gulp and an audible effort.

I felt it would be unpardonable for me to hear any more. I had heard already many things not intended for me. I sneaked off, unperceived, and left those two alone to complete that conversation.

Half an hour later—it was a calm, moonlight night—Bernard rushed down eagerly into the saloon to find us. "Father and mother," he said with a burst, "I want you up on deck for just ten minutes. There's something up there I should like so much to show you."

"Not whales?" I asked hypocritically, suppressing a smile.

"No, not whales," he replied; "something much more interesting."

We followed him blindly, Lucy much in doubt what the thing might be, and I much in wonder, after Mrs. Wade's letter, how Lucy might take it.

At the top of the companion-ladder Melissa stood waiting for us, demure but subdued, with a still timider look than ever upon that sweet shrinking small face of hers. Her heart beat hard, I could see by the movement of her bodice, and her breath came and went; but she stood there like a dove, in her dove-colored travelling-dress.

"Mother," Bernard began, "Melissa's obliged to come back to America, don't you know, without having ever seen Naples. It seems a horrid shame she should miss seeing it. She hadn't money enough left, you recollect, to take her there."

Lucy gazed at him, unsuspicious. "It does seem a pity," she answered sympathetically. "She'd enjoy it so much. I'm sorry she hasn't been able to carry out all her programme."

"And, mother," Bernard went on, his eyes fixed hard on hers, "how awfully she'd be thrown away on Kansas City! I can't bear to think of her going back to 'keep store' there."

"For my part, I think it positively wicked," Lucy answered, with a smile, "and I can't think what — well, people in England — are about to allow her to do it."

I opened my eyes wide. Did Lucy know what she was saying? Or had Melissa, then, fascinated her — the arch little witch! — as she had fascinated the rest of us?

But Bernard, emboldened by this excellent opening, took Melissa by the hand as if in due form to present her. "Mother," he said tenderly, leading the wee thing forward, "and father, too; *this* is what I wanted to show you — the girl I'm engaged to!"

I paused and trembled. I waited for the thunderbolt. But no thunderbolt fell. On the contrary, Lucy stepped forward, and, under cover of the mast, caught Melissa in her arms and kissed her twice over. "My dear child," she cried, pressing her hard, "my dear little daughter, I don't know which of you two I ought most to congratulate."

"But I do," Bernard murmured low. And, his father though I am, I murmured to myself, "And so do I, also."

"Then you're not ashamed of me, mother dear," Melissa whispered, burying her dainty little head on Lucy's shoulder, "because I kept store in Kansas City?"

Lucy rose above herself in the excitement of the moment. "My darling wee daughter," she answered, kissing her tenderly again, "it's Kansas City alone that ought to be ashamed of itself for putting *you* to keep store — such a sweet little gem as you are!" GRANT ALLEN.

From The Nineteenth Century.

THE BOMBARDMENT OF IQUIQUE.*

THE bombardment of a defenceless town is happily now of such rare occurrence, that the unfortunate exception in the case of the Chilian port of Iquique has attracted considerable attention, and an account of it by one who was present may not be lacking in interest, if only because of the fact that the town contains so much English property and so many English lives. Iquique has become well known within the last few years as the port of Tarapaca, a province on the west coast of South America, acquired by Chile as the prize of her successful war against Peru, and rich in the nitrate product which

* Pronounce Ik-ee-kee.

has exercised such a fascination over the speculative dreams of the English public. The town lies on a level sandy tract standing out at the foot of barren hills, which rise to a height of some two to three thousand feet immediately behind it, and shut out all view of the country beyond. On either side of the town, and not more than a mile or two from it, the hills approach the sea again, so that the only means of reaching the interior is by surmounting them. As rain never falls in this district, these hills are perfectly destitute of verdure, and in the daytime are of a sandy and, in parts, a mouse-colored tinge; but towards evening, as the sun sinks into the far Pacific, they acquire delicate hues of soft gold and pink which gave a unique and by no means unpicturesque effect to their usually monotonous aspect. An island at the southern corner of the bay forms an excellent breakwater against the rollers driven on by the prevalent southwest winds.

Beyond the summit of the hills lies the Pampa, an undulating expanse of barren sand, compared to which, as a great traveller has remarked, the winter plateau before Sebastopol is a luxuriant *parterre* and the desert between Kassassin and Tel-el-Kebir a very garden of Eden. To add to the uninviting aspect of the scene, large deposits of discolored common salt are visible everywhere, very similar in appearance to the patches of dirty snow to be seen in the country in England after several days of thaw. In this dreary waste are erected the *oficinas*, or establishments for the reduction of nitrate from the *caliche* or raw material. An *oficina* has usually a staff of at least a dozen Englishmen, presided over by a manager, or *administrador*. They are entirely dependent on the outside world for the means of existence, and their surroundings are monotonous in the extreme; yet, with Englishmen's facility for making the best of circumstances, they manage to spend their leisure hours happily enough, and young clerks in Iquique look forward to a holiday on the Pampa with as much pleasure as a Londoner anticipates a week in the country or at the seaside. The railway runs from Iquique obliquely up the mountain-side to Molle, some six miles to the south, whence it strikes inland, and finally takes a northerly direction till it again descends to the sea at Pisagua, a smaller town about fifty miles in a direct line from Iquique. The ascent from Iquique to Molle is very steep, and trains drawn by the powerful double-boiler Fairlie engines may be seen

toiling slowly up the side of the hill on the scarcely discernible railway track, all at similar distances, rigidly maintained, from each other.

Iquique is built in rectangular blocks, similar to most towns in South America of Spanish origin. On account of the frequency of earthquakes, all buildings, with the exception of the stone Custom House, are made of wood. The dwelling-houses are, for the most part, only one story high, but many business-houses and offices possess two or three floors. The more pretentious buildings are covered with stucco, the Cathedral and the Opera House being both in this style. All buildings have, by law, to be painted every year. The favorite colors are light shades of yellow, pink, or blue, and in the Calle Baquedano, where the English for the most part reside, the houses, with their balconies in front and their *miradoras* or flat roofs above, on which to catch the fresh sea-breeze, present a bright and by no means inartistic appearance. In the principal *plaza* there is a clock-tower dedicated to the national hero, Arturo Prat, and some prettily laid gardens, all the more refreshing from the total absence of verdure elsewhere. Trams, with young girls for conductors and drawn by mules, run along the principal thoroughfares, the driver whistling loudly every time he nears a cross road, so as to give warning of his approach. Owing to the formation of the town these cross roads are very frequent, and the whistle seldom leaves the driver's mouth. The whistle is the great weapon of modern Iquique. Steam-launches whistle shrilly as they pick their path among the lighters in the bay, the railway engines scream for the whole length of their passage through the town, and at night, when the tram-driver at length retires to his well-earned rest, the policeman takes up the burden of his plaint and wanders along the streets giving vent to the most weird and melancholy calls upon his whistle, with all the stolid assiduity of the lower class Chilean official.

The hired carriages of Iquique, or "coaches," as they are called, deserve some notice. They are mostly landaus of French manufacture, and are drawn by a pair of horses. The fare from any one part of the town to another is only twenty cents, or fivepence at the old rate of exchange. The reason for this low charge is that horses are cheap and the roads are good. While Iquique was still in the hands of the Peruvians the streets were ankle-deep in sand, but soon after the Chil-

ian possession the much-desired improvement was commenced. *Ripio*, or refuse from the manufacture of nitrate, mixed with lime, was laid down and hardened into almost the solidity of concrete. An excellent footpath to Cavancha, a bathing-resort about a mile to the south of the town, is made of this material, as well as the cricket-ground and tennis-court enclosed within the railway property. On account of their cheapness the coaches are much in request, and several large coaching establishments have sprung into existence to meet the demand. The horses from these livery stables can be seen early in the day being driven in herds like cattle along the Cavancha road, to take their morning bath in the sea. Mules are greatly used to carry packs to the Pampa, and also to bring down the carts loaded with ore from the neighboring silver mines of Huantajaya. These carts are roughly constructed, with broad wheels of large circumference, and are drawn by six, and sometimes nine, mules, harnessed three abreast. The driver rides on the near-side wheeler, and is provided with a long stock-whip, with which he keeps his team at a quick trot, while the heavily laden cart rolls along with the thunder of a metal gun-carriage.

The resources of Iquique in the way of pastimes or amusements are somewhat limited. In the cool season riding, cricket, and tennis can be enjoyed, but in summer the temperature is too high for any of these to be a favorite means of recreation. There is only one road out of the town on which it is possible to drive—the road to Cavancha; and this place is, consequently, the favorite resort. A tramway also runs along by the side of the road, the trams drawn by horses, instead of mules, on account of a fairly steep gradient at the end. The major portion of the journey being across a sandy track with no houses on either side, there is not much getting in or out, and the services of the girl conductors are dispensed with. The driver, usually a boy, hangs the ends of the reins on the brake-handle, and may be seen lounging in one of the front seats—the trams are for the most part light, open American cars, with seats running athwart, instead of lengthways—conversing with any chance acquaintance among the passengers, or buried in contemplation over the smoke of the universal, yellow-papered cigarette. When the journey has commenced he rises leisurely and collects the fares. Should any one wish to get down during this operation, he pulls the strap

which rings the bell. This has the effect of stopping the horses, which are set in motion again by the same means. The Chilian youth are adepts in the art of economizing vital energy.

In the afternoon Cavancha Bay presents a spectacle which might almost recall some of our own watering-places at home. Large, bright-colored sunshades, with prettily dressed English children playing beneath them, are dotted here and there over the sand—a beautifully clean grey sand which seems specially adapted for children's games. On the *ripio* pathway the Iquique citizen is to be seen, taking his wife and children to enjoy the fresh sea-breeze, while along the beach are scattered many more, watching the huge rollers of the Pacific curling in transparent arcs and dashing into white foam upon the returning wave. The Gaviota and Serena baths at one end of the bay and the Cavancha baths at the other are always full, for the Chilians of both sexes are great lovers of sea-bathing, in spite of the low temperature of the water along this coast, due to the ice-laden currents from the Straits. Towards five o'clock a stream of coaches begins to issue from the town and the tramcars are filled to overflowing. One of the bathing establishments at Cavancha has a restaurant built out on piles supported on rocks which are surrounded with water. Its appearance is greatly enhanced by carefully tended plants and creepers, always grateful to the eye in Iquique. This restaurant is the usual resort of the English and the better class Chilians, and late in the afternoon is filled with gaily dressed people, laughing and talking, or watching their friends bathing from the bathing-place close by. Towards half past six the coaches are summoned, and the return to town is made across the sandy track, between the waters of the Pacific, glistening in the rays of the setting sun and the mountain-side lit up with the glorious tinges from the declining orb of day. The usual dinner-hour is seven, and at eight a military band plays in the *plaza*. Here one can sit and listen to the music and watch the stream of people walking round and round, while the shadow of the lofty hills—those eternal hills from whose presence it seems impossible to escape in any Chilian town—hangs towering and majestic over all.

But Iquique in times of peace and Iquique in times of war bear two very different aspects. The trouble which has lately burst upon the country, and of which Iquique was almost the first to bear the

brunt, has long been brewing. The president, José Manuel Balmaceda, early succeeded in disappointing all the hopes which were raised at his election, five years ago. He had been minister of foreign affairs to the late president, Santa María, and was then reckoned a warm supporter of progressive principles. Born in Santiago in the year 1840, he threw up the profession of the Church, for which he was originally intended, and in 1864 became attaché to ex-President Montt. In 1870 he was elected a member of the Congress, in which he sat uninterruptedly till his election to the presidential chair. This event was hailed on all sides with enthusiasm, for he had been the trusted minister of a popular and much-respected president. But with his accession to power Balmaceda seems to have abandoned his Liberal principles, and soon acquired the reputation of carrying matters with a high hand, regardless of the authority of Congress. A crisis was reached in June of last year, when it became known that he intended to nominate, as his successor, his minister San Fuentes, who, in spite of a large majority against him in the Congress, would not resign office, and who, having no claims to distinction beyond the fortune which he is said to have amassed by speculation, was expected to prove a mere tool in the hands of his able predecessor. On these grounds Congress used the only weapon it possesses and refused to vote supplies.

Balmaceda held out for some little time, till a dead lock seemed inevitable and serious riots took place in Valparaíso, which were quelled with difficulty by a force of two hundred and fifty cavalry troops. After this the president gave way, dismissed San Fuentes, and in August accepted a ministry composed of some of the most influential and respected members of Congress. This ministry framed and passed a decentralizing law, to insure purity at the presidential election; but as soon as the president had obtained his supplies, he instructed the *intendentes* or governors of the provinces to disregard the orders of the Cabinet, which at once resigned. Congress was shortly afterwards dismissed, and Balmaceda conducted the administration of the country on his sole authority, with Claudio Vicuña for his minister. The supplies for 1891, however, were still unvoted, and the *Comisión Conservadora*, which sits in Santiago during the recess of Congress to watch its interests, twice urged the president to call the Congress. As he refused

to do this, and still adhered to his determination to nominate San Fuentes as his successor, the opposition, consisting of all the most prominent members of Congress, resolved to take active measures.

It may be thought that this action was somewhat precipitate and that they might have waited till Balmaceda vacated the presidential chair in the fall of the present year. But the presidential election takes place in March, and they knew that, if they deferred their action till after that month, the man to whom they were opposed would be elected. For the last three decades the presidential candidate has always been successful, the president being in a position to control the elections, as he appoints the *intendentes* of the provinces, who in turn appoint their sub-governors, sub-delegates, and district-inspectors. Hitherto the opposition have borne their defeat without appealing to force, because the candidates nominated by the presidents, however they might have differed from them in opinion, were at least men of capacity and repute. These qualifications the leaders of the opposition considered to be lacking in San Fuentes, and they arranged a date—said to be the 15th of January—on which to make a demonstration against the president with both army and navy.

Balmaceda, however, having some suspicion of their intention, acted with great promptitude and began ordering the men-of-war, one by one, to leave Valparaíso Bay. This action precipitated matters, and the leaders of the opposition, including the vice-president of the Senate, Waldo Silva, and the president of the deputies, Barros Luco, in order to secure the fleet, went on board the Almirante Cochrane on the 7th of January, and thence issued a manifesto appealing to the army and the nation to support them in opposing the unconstitutional government of the president. Although the majority of the country were in favor of the opposition no demonstration followed, and the president, having secured the allegiance of the army by doubling their pay and making lavish promises of rewards for future services, proclaimed himself dictator, denounced the fleet which had gone over entirely to the opposition, as pirates, and took vigorous measures for self-defence.

The Almirante Cochrane, an armored ship of over three thousand tons, and the Magellanes, a smaller ship, proceeded at once to Iquique to blockade the port if the intendente refused to surrender it;

while the Blanco Encalada, sister ship to the Cochrane, and the turret ship Huascar (two thousand tons) remained in Valparaíso Bay for similar duty there. The fast cruiser Esmeralda (three thousand tons) went south to meet the two new ships, the Almirante Lynch and the Condell, expected out from England, to gain them over to the side of the Congress.

The Silvertown cable-ship, which I was aboard, heard of the action of the fleet before she left Chorillos (near Lima) on the 9th of January, to lay cable from that place to Iquique. On the evening of the fourteenth, having slipped the final bight some little distance from Iquique that afternoon, we anchored in the bay after dark and found ourselves between the Cochrane and the Magellanes, the former of which at once sent off an officer in the steam-launch to request us to change our anchorage, as they might have to fire on the town during the night. While the anchor was being heaved up, the engineer-in-chief, Mr. Matthew H. Gray, and Captain Thomson paid a visit to the Cochrane, and afterwards to the Pheasant, the small English gunboat then representing our interests in the bay. At the advice of her captain we let go anchor again near to her.

On the 16th of January, with another member of the staff, I took up my residence ashore to arrange the testing instrument in the cable hut, while the Silvertown went south to sound along the intended route of cable, so that on her return we should have everything ready to keep watch in the hut during the laying of the cable from Iquique to Valparaíso. Considerable difference was observable in the appearance of the town since we had been there some three weeks previously on our journey north. A detachment of soldiers was on guard at the mole; earthworks had been thrown up in Cavancha Bay, close to the cable hut which we had erected there, and every evening troops were sent to occupy these earthworks against any nocturnal surprises from the sea, while another body took up their quarters at the end of the pier restaurant at Cavancha. Provisions were already much dearer; potatoes — the Chilian potato is excellent and forms a staple article of food among the lower classes — had risen to three times their ordinary value, although the strict blockade was not announced to commence till the twentieth of the month. Notwithstanding the fact that the feeling in the town and throughout the Pampa was greatly in favor of the fleet, the government still retained command of the troops,

and the province was in charge of an intendente of tried capacity, Señor Salinas, whom the president had lately appointed to the post as specially fitted to do credit to his choice in so important a crisis. The intendente received the support as might be supposed, of all government officials, who owed their position to him, while the troops, some five hundred in number, were content to remain in his service with the double pay which they received. Thus, with a determined man in authority, the town could well hold its own against warships which were unable to land sufficient troops to take and keep possession. It was the old story of the hopeless quarrel between dog and fish. Neither party could get at the other to secure the victory. Iquique possessed no fortifications against the hostile fleet, nor any torpedo defences in the harbor. A small fort on the island, which was abandoned on the approach of the ships, and two more on the mainland, one by the railway station and the other near the Morro, armed with a few obsolete and almost useless guns, represented all that was thought necessary to protect the richest port in Chile.

But although the ships had not sufficient troops to take possession of the town, nothing could prevent them knocking it to pieces, and to avoid such a possibility it was thought at the time that the intendente would be compelled by force of public opinion to surrender to the fleet. A meeting, however, which took place on the seventeenth on board H.M.S. Pheasant between Salinas and the leaders of the opposition made it clear that he was determined not to give in, and negotiations fell through without any compromise being effected. Accordingly, on the 20th of January the strict blockade commenced. No boats came to or left the mole. Two hundred troops were sent up by train to the Pampa, to meet the opposition forces which were supposed to have been landed at Pisagua, and every evening two detachments of artillery with howitzer guns, drawn by mules, were marched out to protect the town on either side. Even then it was believed that no fighting would really occur, and that the intendente was taking all the measures merely that he might have the satisfaction of feeling that he was doing something. But when, on the morning of the twenty-second, a train returned from the Pampa with proof of an engagement in the form of dead and wounded, it became evident that all was grim earnest. Pisagua, it seems, had been

taken by the fleet without a blow, and the troops they landed were sent up across the Pampa by the railway, till they met the government troops about half-way between Pisagua and Iquique. An engagement took place, in which both sides claimed the victory; but the opposition forces fell back towards Pisagua. The same day, in the evening, the Cochrane sent a note ashore to the intendente, saying that any more trains leaving the town would be fired upon. At the same time she changed her position, in order to command the railway station.

On the twenty-third another batch of killed and wounded from the Pampa brought evidence of a second engagement, in which the government troops obtained advantage, for on the twenty-seventh the news of the recapture of Pisagua by them arrived. This event was celebrated by a demonstration consisting of a fife and drum band, attended by one sergeant and three privates, who paraded the principal thoroughfares. The Cochrane replied by ordering all vessels which interfered with her line of fire upon the town to leave their anchorage. In the town, as the police were withdrawn every night on military duty, the intendente sanctioned the formation of an urban guard by foreigners for the protection of their property. In other respects things went on much the same as usual. The streets were perhaps a little emptier, and many shops were closed; but the daily baths at Cavanha were duly attended, and the young Englishmen who assembled there seemed perfectly indifferent as to the state of affairs, and to all appearance heedless whether the town was to be bombarded or not on the following day. The military band still played in the plaza on the following evening, but they were escorted to and from the barracks by some twenty or thirty of their comrades, fully armed, who kept guard beneath the stand during the performance.

The fleet now determined to concentrate their forces on the province of Tarapacá. Coquimbo and Serena, which had been taken, were abandoned, and transports arrived with troops on board from those places. The Blanco left Valparaíso, where she had been treacherously fired upon by the forts, and arrived in Iquique, with the O'Higgins, on the 2nd of February. It was decided that Pisagua should be retaken first, and that the Cochrane should go there to bombard the town if any resistance was offered. As soon as Pisagua was taken, Iquique was to be attacked. The situation began to look seri-

ous to those ashore. Almost worse than the fear of a bombardment was the apprehension that the *rotos*, or workmen on the Pampa, who were out of employment, and consequently in great straits, would come down, as they have on several previous occasions, and pillage the town. News arrived that this had happened in Pisagua, and that the men had only been repulsed after a severe conflict in the town with the government troops, leaving many of their number dead in the streets. Matters would apparently come to a crisis in a few days, and the Englishmen in Iquique who had wives and children in the town began to be anxious for their safety. At this juncture the Silvertown returned to Iquique, having successfully laid the cable up from Valparaíso, and Mr. Gray, on learning the position of affairs, offered a passage to any ladies and children who could avail themselves of it to Arica, for which port the ship was next bound. Some fifty or sixty accepted the invitation, and we left Iquique in the afternoon of the fourth, the Blanco opening fire, just as we were getting under way, on one of the forts, where an attempt was being made to mount a large gun. The Cochrane had left at noon for Pisagua, and it seemed as if both places would in a few days be in the hands of the fleet, and we should be able to return and complete our tests on the cables without meeting with any further trouble.

But, as often happens in these cases, the situation remained unchanged longer than expected. Pisagua, indeed, was retaken on the sixth, but of Iquique no reliable news could be obtained, as both the cable and the land-line were cut, and the Silvertown, having waited at Arica for ten or twelve days, sailed again for Iquique, taking back with her some of the ladies and children she had brought from that town, in the hope that matters might be more settled now. I had previously left for the south by a German steamer, the *Isis*, and on the way we put in at Pisagua. When we arrived there (February 14th) three transports lay in the harbor, from which two thousand opposition troops had just been landed and sent up by train to camp on the top of the hill overhanging the town. These troops, under the command of Coronel Canto, left the following (Sunday) morning for the interior, and on Monday morning (February 16th) at nine o'clock a train arrived with sixty wounded, and brought the news that the opposition troops had gained a victory over the government troops at Dolores, and that Coronel Canto was going to push on towards Iquique.

The Isis weighed anchor for Iquique that day at eleven o'clock, and on reaching the bay at four o'clock the same afternoon we found the Silvertown already there, and learnt to our surprise that the intendente, having sent all his troops up on to the Pampa, had surrendered the town that very morning to the fleet. Before rejoining the Silvertown I went ashore, landing at the mole amidst a swarm of boats which were bringing people back to the town from the island, where they had taken shelter in anticipation of a bombardment. In the town troops belonging to the opposition were parading the streets, loudly cheered by the populace. All the shops were closed, but the fire stations — a great feature in Iquique, where the immediate extinction of fire is so necessary — were filled with the urban guard of the district to which each belonged. As soon as it was known in the morning that the town had been surrendered, the mob had sacked the *Intendencia* and burnt the office of the government organ, *La Voz de Chile*, to the ground. But the excitements of the day proved too much for the *rotos*, who, during the last few weeks, had been in considerable straits, but had been prevented by the strong hands of the intendente from making an outbreak. At nightfall indiscriminate pillaging and incendiarism commenced, and the navy troops being incapacitated by their own indulgences from holding them in check, the duty of protecting the city devolved upon the urban guard. The mob, rendered furious by drink, made a most determined stand, in one *plaza* the action being contested with the stubbornness of a pitched battle; but they were at length dispersed, leaving forty-two killed and eighty-six wounded in the streets. Only two of the urban guard, both Spaniards, were killed in the fight.

In spite of the ease with which they won the town, the fleet did not feel at all secure in their new possession. The majority of their troops had been landed at Pisagua, and they had hardly enough in Iquique to keep order, much less to defend it against a hostile force. The following night, a rumor getting abroad that the government troops were coming down from the Pampa, the fleet called off all their men on board, leaving the town entirely unprotected, and the first intimation the urban guard received of this action was the cries from the prisoners in the *cuartel*, or police-station, whom they had left unguarded and untended, appealing to some one to come and give them water. The troops returned the following day as soon as they found their alarm had been ground-

less. The town at this time presented a very forlorn appearance. The *rotos*, after the severe lesson they had received, kept to their houses, and very few people were to be seen about the streets. A few young Englishmen were to be found up at Cavancha, and late in the afternoon arrived a quiet-looking, yellow-complexioned old man with a slight stoop and dressed in a frock-coat, and black straw hat with "Blanco Encalada" inscribed in gold letters on the ribbon. This unobtrusive-looking old gentleman was Waldo Silva, vice-president of the Senate and nominal leader of the Revolution. He was accompanied by a man of about his own age. It was significant of the faith he had in the popularity of his cause that he should wander about, with only one companion, totally unprotected, and return to the town seated quietly in a ten-cent tram. If he had missed his passage off to the ship that evening, he would have had cause to repent his rashness. For, towards midnight, mounted scouts of the opposition came galloping into the town, with the news that the government forces had arrived at the top of the hills and were descending upon the town. The navy troops at once withdrew to the Custom House, but the Englishman in command of the urban guard, thinking it might only be another false alarm, sent round orders to the different stations to keep watch as usual, and took charge of the *cuartel*, which had once more been abandoned. The morning of the nineteenth broke with a *camanchaca*, or dense white fog, under cover of which Coronel Soto, who had, in fact, descended during the night with three hundred government troops and bivouacked in the racecourse, stole out and entered the town. Finding the *cuartel* in possession of the urban guard, he passed on, giving his men orders to open out and fire down the streets. At this early hour the only people stirring were the women going to market to get the day's supplies. These were taken utterly by surprise and several were shot down in the indiscriminate firing. As the government forces neared the mole, the navy troops, only some sixty or seventy strong, fired upon them from the roof and first floor of the stone Custom House. But when Soto's men pressed steadily on and took up positions on either side of the building, the Blanco sent off her steam-pinnaces armed with Gatling guns to dislodge them, and opened fire herself, shelling the houses behind which they were sheltered. It was now about half past six, and the inhabitants of this quarter, the richest in the

town, where all the banks and principal business houses were situated, awoke to find the long-expected bombardment actually commenced, and all retreat cut off by the promiscuous firing in the streets. There was nothing to do but to descend to the ground floor and wait patiently till it was over, trusting that the bursting of a shell would not prevent the witnessing of that much-desired consummation.

Meantime the Blanco sent off two or three boat-loads of sailors to land at the railway mole under cover of the machine-guns of the Tolten—a small craft cruising in that part of the roadstead—and to attempt to take the enemy in the flank. On being put ashore, however, these men got such a warm reception from the government troops, who fired on them from the shelter of the railway tanks, that they were obliged to retire to their boats again, leaving half-a-dozen killed on the mole. About half past nine another attempt to land reinforcements was made at the Custom House mole, and this time, with the aid of the fire from the two steam-pinnaces, they succeeded in joining their comrades in the Custom House without the loss of a single man. The Silvertown was anchored in a position which commanded an uninterrupted view of the whole engagement. Between her and the town lay only the English man-of-war (the Warspite) and the Blanco, the latter, of course, being the nearest to the shore. From the cross-trees of the foremast, where I took up my station, I could with my glasses see where almost every shot struck. It was a unique experience for a non-combatant thus to be able to watch a bombardment from such close quarters, and one which, of course, would be impossible where the town had any forts with which to reply. Although the mist had disappeared the sun did not shine forth, but seemed to be obscured in a dull, thundery atmosphere, very unusual on this coast, where rain never falls. Hardly a breath of wind stirred and the silence in a lull after the booming of the big guns and the sharp crack of the rifles was very impressive. When the firing recommenced the effect was all the more striking for the intervening calm. The Blanco, manœuvring with her twin screws in order to bring her different guns to bear, turned and twisted like some huge reptile, spitting forth its venom from half-a-dozen mouths in turn. The volumes of white smoke shot forth, the loud report following a second or two later, the simultaneous gap in some hitherto intact building, the explosion of the shell, throwing up a discolored cloud of dust,—each detail was

visible; an exhibition of the cruel force of modern weapons which was repellent enough to those who, like ourselves, had only chance acquaintances ashore, but to our guests, whose husbands, fathers, brothers, were in the town, must have proved a terrible ordeal indeed. Once or twice a lull in the firing which lasted longer than usual encouraged us to believe that one side or the other had gained the victory and that all would now be quiet. But the firing was only renewed on each occasion with greater fury after the interval; volleys of musketry in the streets, and a hail of bullets from the Gatlings and Nordenfeldts in the steam-pinnaces—there is something in the vicious whirr of a machine-gun far more sickening and repulsive to an onlooker than the explosion of the largest shell—as they steamed slowly along the banks, seeking out the places where the government troops lay entrenched.

Soon after ten o'clock a steamer was sighted coming from the south, and proved to be the Chilean cruiser Esmeralda. She steamed first into Cavanha Bay, where the Huascar lay, watching the hills for the government artillery, which Soto had left behind him, and firing whenever they made an attempt to descend. Finding her assistance was not required there, the Esmeralda came round into the bay, and, taking up a position near the Blanco, joined in the cannonade. Soon after one o'clock the firing slackened, and only stray shots were fired occasionally till nearly three o'clock. By that time, as the government troops still held their own, and, if anything, seemed to have the advantage, the fleet determined to make a final effort to dislodge them, and sent off three more boat-loads of men to land at the Custom House mole under cover of the fire from the steam-pinnaces. When these men were safely within the stone walls, the Blanco and the Esmeralda both opened fire upon the block of buildings in front of the beach on the right-hand side of the Custom House, as government troops were firing from the roofs of them on to the Custom House. Shell after shell tore through them, knocking large gaps in the slight wooden structures and going through into the street behind, where the English club was situated. At half past three a tremendous explosion showed that a store of dynamite had been struck, and immediately huge flames shot up around the spot where it had occurred. The fire seemed to gain full force at once, and in a few minutes a dense column of black smoke, with a dull, red blaze beneath, rose almost

vertically — there was still hardly a breath of wind — towards the sky.

Shortly after, another fire sprang up behind the first one, and burnt so fiercely that it seemed as if the whole town was doomed. At this critical juncture we saw a boat leave the Warspite and draw up at the Blanco's ladder. Was the British admiral about to make an effort to save such wanton waste of life and property? All eyes were on the Blanco, and presently the English officer re-entered the boat, returned to the Warspite, and left again in the direction of the shore, with a large white flag of truce flying astern. The crew pulled steadily on in spite of several volleys from the government troops on land, who could not see or did not understand the flag of truce, and then we saw two men land at the mole and disappear towards the Custom House. What seemed to us a long interval now elapsed, during which the fight still went on, though with considerably abated vehemence, and then about five o'clock, all firing ceased, the gig returned to the Warspite, and the news went round the harbor that an armistice had been arranged through the mediation of the Warspite, at the request of the opposition leaders, till noon the following day, in order to allow the fire to be extinguished and to give the women and children who still remained in the town an opportunity of leaving it.

The mole was now crowded by those ashore who had friends and relations on the ships and wanted to get off and visit them. A boat was soon observed to be heading for the Silvertown, and we all gathered at the head of the gangway to hear the news. It was an anxious moment for many on board when the boat came alongside and the occupant, a young Englishman known to most of us, stepped on to the gangway. However he ran cheerfully up the ladder and relieved all fears by crying out almost before he reached the deck: "It's all right. No Englishmen are hurt. I've seen everybody, and they are all coming off, as soon as they can get a boat." A swarm of boats soon came round the gangway, and the pleasure of the meetings that ensued atoned for all the cruel anxieties of the day. Many of those with whom we were acquainted came off, and we heard from their own lips how each had fared. It appeared that a great number spent the day actually in the bombarded portion of the town, having been unable to escape owing to the suddenness of the attack at that early hour of the morning. One young Englishman, who had only been in Iquique a few weeks,

having arrived there from Buenos Ayres, where he had been present at all the fighting in the streets during the Revolution, after a long night's watch on the urban guard, actually slept through the first half-hour of the bombardment, although he was staying at the Hotel de la Bolsa, within a stone's throw of the Custom House, where all the firing was going on. When the hotel servant at length managed to arouse him, he ordered his coffee and, going down to the breakfast room on the ground floor, watched the engagement from one of the windows, in company with an English mining engineer from Huantajaya. While seated here, the hotel-keeper's nephew, together with the bar-keeper, cook, and one or two waiters, who had retired to a back bedroom, which they lined with mattresses, came tumbling down the stairs crying out that the shots were penetrating everywhere, and immediately disappeared down the cellar stairs. A shell which came through the breakfast room a few minutes later — a large proportion of the shells were unloaded and did not explode — induced the young Englishman and the engineer, together with four sea-captains who were in the same room, to follow the example set them and retire below. Here they waited patiently for some time, listening to the fusillade from the steam-pinnaces and the volleys of musketry down the streets each side of the house, relieved occasionally by the crash of a shell as it tore its way through the wooden structure. Once the cook, fearing the fire might be struck and the scattered coals cause a conflagration, went up with the intention of putting it out; but he no sooner reached the top of the stairs than a shell whizzed through in front of him, the rush of air blowing him back into the cellar again. After this experience nobody seemed anxious to make another attempt, but about one o'clock, when the firing slackened, the pangs of hunger — none of them had breakfasted — asserted themselves, and they went up to the bar to see what they could get. Finding nothing here, for the day's provisions had not come in when the fighting commenced, they crept through a hole made by a shell into the next house, which was a ship-chandler's store. Here they found a young German, who was left in charge, sitting rather disconsolately by himself. He seemed glad to see them and supplied them with something to eat and drink.

When the heavy firing began at three o'clock, they retired to the Bolsa cellars again. They had not been long there when the big explosion of dynamite occurred,

quite close to them, and shortly after a harebrained waiter, who had been running in and out all day, came in with the news that the house next but one was on fire, and the flames spreading in the direction of the hotel. There was nothing to do but leave the house and run the gauntlet of the cross fires in the streets. The first man (a waiter) who stepped out of the door was immediately shot down, and carried off by some of the Red Cross who happened to be near. This caused a little hesitation among the others, but, the flames having already reached the hotel, there was no help for it, and a rush was made, the young Englishman, together with the engineer and the four sea-captains, running in the direction of the Custom House. A hail of bullets from both parties whizzed around them, but on nearing the Custom House the gate was opened and they were admitted. No sooner were they within than an officer stepped up to the young Englishman, and putting a pistol in his face, accused him of belonging to the government party, for they had been firing from the roofs of the houses in the same block as the hotel. Fortunately the Englishman was a good Spanish linguist, and, having explained the state of the case to the officer's satisfaction, they were conducted within the building to a room on the first floor, overlooking the harbor, where all the wounded were lying. After being here some little time they saw the Warspite's gig approaching, and, thinking that if the government troops took possession of the Custom House their presence in it would require further explanation, they obtained leave to go down on the mole and meet the boat, with the view of getting a passage off to the ship. When the gig reached the end of the mole the government troops again opened fire on it, but Captain Lambton, for he was in charge of it, took no notice, although one bullet went through the awning and another through the bottom of the boat, and proceeded to explain that he could not take them at once, as he had come ashore to try to arrange an armistice, but on his return he would be glad to do so. Meanwhile the party of Englishmen took shelter from the fire down the steps of the mole, and when the government troops at length grasped the motive for which the English boat had come ashore, and waved a white flag in response, they followed Captain Lambton and his companion up to the Custom House, and stayed there while he went out into the town to confer with Coronel Soto. The proposal of an armistice hav-

ing been accepted, the English captain returned to the Custom House to inform the *commandante* of the success of his mission, and shortly afterwards the gallant coronel himself rode up, his clothes torn by bullets, and black in the face with powder—for he had been wherever the fighting was thickest and had two horses shot under him—and was received with the wildest enthusiasm by the navy troops, the officers running out and kissing, embracing, and even crying over him as he dismounted. Four of them carried him on their shoulders like a conquering hero into the Custom House, and half an hour later the government and opposition troops were drinking and making merry together, as if they had always been the best of friends, and had not been trying for the last ten hours to blow each other's brains out.

The young Englishman at last got off to the man-of-war, and thence to the Silvertown, where many of us were acquainted with him and gave him a warm welcome.

The progress of the fire was checked after five blocks, including the principal business quarter of the town, were burnt to the ground. A large stack of coal on the site of one of the blocks it was found impossible to extinguish, and during that night it threw a lurid light over the whole bay. The following morning a troopship arrived with six hundred opposition troops on board. At noon, the specified time for the armistice to end, these men were put into half-a-dozen huge lighters preparatory to being sent ashore, and there seemed every prospect of a fight even more disastrous than the previous day, when a boat came off from the shore to the Blanco, and cheering broke out on board and was taken up by the men in the lighters. It soon transpired that the two parties had come to terms, Coronel Soto surrendering with full honors of war in face of the superior forces against him.

But although the fleet would now have some six or seven hundred troops ashore, Iquique was not yet secure from trouble, for Coronel Robles, of the government forces, was still on the Pampa with six hundred men, and, with the reinforcements he expected from Tacna, might make another effort to retake the town. The Warspite was taking two hundred refugees to Callao, and Mr. Gray offered a passage to Valparaiso to those already on board, extending the invitation to any who might still be ashore. Among those who accepted was Señor Salinas, the late intendente of Iquique, with his wife and

family—the man who made so plucky though unsuccessful a stand against the fleet. He is about thirty-eight years of age, short in stature, of pale complexion, with intelligent eyes and a pleasant expression. Before we left Admiral Montt, commander of the fleet, and one of the prime movers of the revolution, paid us a visit. He is a man of about forty-five years of age, with a neat figure, regular features, and trim black beard, just grizzled, one who looked a good sailor and a brave leader, though of hardly sufficient power to conduct, single-handed, a revolution against a man of Balmaceda's capacity and resource.

At half past nine in the evening of the twenty-fifth we weighed anchor and steamed quietly out of the harbor of Iquique. Although it was now six days since the bombardment, the stack of coals then set on fire was still burning, throwing a dull red glow on the charred remnants around it. In a few weeks of revolution the harbor, which had contained at times as many as a hundred vessels, now held barely ten, and the port, which brought in a revenue of 2,000,000% sterling, had within the last month not shipped a single ton of nitrate. How was it to end? As the Silvertown glided out into the gently heaving waters of the Pacific, and the yellow light from the lighthouse and the dull glow from the fire grew fainter in the distance, while the full moon rose over the dark range of hills behind, the thought came, whether this town, which now lay paralyzed by the effects of civil war, had really seen its best days and would henceforth steadily decline, or whether she would rise Phoenix-like from her ashes, and, under the administration of a popular and well-organized government, regain her former activity and surpass her well-earned reputation as the successful port of the richest province in the world.

The capture of Iquique was the turning-point in the fortunes of the congressionalists. From that day they have been slowly but surely winning territory from the president. On the 7th of March their troops met those of the government under Coronel Robles at Pozo Almonte, about thirty miles inland from Iquique, and inflicted a total defeat, all who were not killed being taken prisoners. This victory placed the whole of the rich nitrate province of Tarapacá in their undisputed possession. Early in the morning of the eighth Mayor Valdiviesos, in command of one of the government forts at Valparaiso, having spiked the guns, de-

serted with the whole garrison, and seizing the government transport Maipo, lying off the town, steamed past the Silvertown, then in the bay, and struck up a lively air on his band as he passed beneath the hostile forts. This was felt to be such a blow by the president that he made his first overtures for peace a few days afterwards. By the end of the month Antofagasta was taken by the Congress, and at the beginning of April the capture of Arica and Tacna gave them a fruitful province from which to supply the barren towns in Tarapacá and Atacama. The nitrate dues for March brought them 40,000%, and it is probable that Balmaceda would shortly have capitulated had not the sinking of the Blanco Encalada inspired him with fresh hopes. The Blanco was lying moored in the harbor at Caldera, undergoing some repairs to her boilers, when the government torpedo-gunboats, Lynch and Condell, under the command of Moraga, an officer who had been expelled from the navy before the war, entered the bay and attacked her as she lay, unable to respond with any but her small machine-guns. After discharging six torpedoes, the seventh took effect and the Blanco sank with several members of the Congress on board. As the Lynch and the Condell were leaving the port they met the transport Aconcagua, an unarmored passenger steamer belonging to the congress. She engaged them both and beat them off, the Lynch having to return to Valparaiso for repairs.

The sinking of the Blanco, although of course a great loss, very little altered the position of the Congress. They still possess the warships Cochrane, Esmeralda, Huascar, O'Higgins, Magellanes, and Abtao, and half-a-dozen transports. Directly after the event the important town of Copiapo was taken by them. The affair of the Itata shows that they have commanders with plenty of resource and determination on their side. The writer of this paper had an interview with the captain of the Itata on his own ship a few days after the capture of Pisagua, and from what he heard on that occasion of the conduct of the war, it seemed that the Congress are not likely to fail through any want of pluck and self-reliance in their captains. The task of arbitrating between the two parties has been entrusted to representatives of France, Brazil, and the United States, and the terms put forward by the Congress, which include the resignation and impeachment of Balmaceda, show how strong they feel their position to be. It is always difficult to forecast the result of a contest, but at the time of

writing there is little doubt that the Congress have the upper hand.

ARCHER P. CROUCH.

From Temple Bar.

RICHARD JEFFERIES.

IT has been remarked by De Quincey, with profound psychological insight, that the thought of death is especially affecting in the summer, and that "any particular death haunts the mind more obstinately and besiegely in that season," the "tropical redundancy of life" suggesting by very contrast the "frozen sterilities of the grave." True in general, this saying finds a peculiar and pathetic illustration in the case of Richard Jefferies, whose untimely death can scarcely fail to be associated and contrasted, in the minds of those who love his personality and writings, with that "Pageant of Summer" which he so wonderfully and feelingly depicted. For Jefferies, above all other writers, was the high-priest of summer; his warm, sensuous, Southern nature breathed intense reverence for the "alchemic, intangible, mysterious power, which cannot be supplied in any other form but the sun's rays." Who else could have described, as he has described, the glare, the glamour, the multitudinous hum, the immense prodigality of a high summer noon? The "great sun burning in the heaven" is the burden and inspiration not only of the impassioned "Story of my Heart," but of all the most imaginative outpourings of his fervent spirit, which was destined too soon, alas! to be quenched in that wintry darkness which it so surely and instinctively foreboded.

This lavish ardor of temperament, which regarded every form of asceticism as "the vilest blasphemy," and, in its insatiable yearning for a full, rich life, chafed against the niggardliness of time and destiny, must be kept well in view by all readers who would understand the significance of Jefferies's career. It is this that especially differentiates him from those other "poet-naturalists" to whom he is in some measure akin — from the stern, self-contented simplicity of his predecessor, Thoreau, and from the masculine energy and robustness of his contemporary, Burroughs; we perceive in Jefferies's personality, and in those essays by which his personality is most clearly expressed, a tender, pathetic, passionate, almost feminine craving for ideal beauty, for physical perfection, for an ampler "soul-life." It

is furthermore a noticeable fact that all his memorable work was produced within a compass of ten years, of which no less than six were years of increasing illness and debility. The pathos of this contrast between the ideal and the actual, between triumphant aspiration and crushing disappointment, has thus left a strong mark on his writings; he is at once confident and despondent — despondent in the undeniable failure of the present and the past, confident in the belief that the human race will hereafter realize the utmost dreams of his ambition.

In this period of Jefferies's mature work, which dates from the commencement of his residence at Surbiton, in 1877, to his death ten years later, two distinct phases are readily observable. He appears at first as the nature-student pure and simple, who by a long and loving apprenticeship has become absolutely familiar with all the phenomena and details of country life, and can reproduce them in language of exquisite clearness and flexibility. Nor is it any romantic and fanciful Arcadia that is depicted in his pages; for though an idealist at heart, he is also, in these descriptive writings, one of the sternest and most uncompromising of realists, and gives us the dark no less than the bright features of his story with unremitting fidelity.

If I were a painter [he says, in reference to the application of machinery to agriculture] I should like to paint all this. For I think that the immense realism of the iron wheels makes the violet yet more lovely; the more they try to drive out Nature with a fork, the more she returns, and the soul clings the stronger to the wild flowers. He who has got the sense of beauty in his eye can find it in things as they really are, and needs no stagey time of artificial pastorals to furnish him with a sham nature. Idealize to the full, but idealize the real, else the picture is a sham.

These words, though written in one of Jefferies's later essays, are eminently applicable to the best efforts of his earlier style, which is as remarkable for its close fidelity to nature as for its idyllic beauty of expression.

The volumes which furnish the most notable instances of this side of Jefferies's genius are perhaps the four by which he is at present very generally known — the "Gamekeeper at Home," the "Amateur Poacher," "Wild Life in a Southern County," and "Round about a Great Estate," in all of which he manifests the same extraordinary knowledge of the fauna and flora of his native district, a knowledge based on an exceptionally keen habit of observation, and strengthened by a pow-

erful memory and a diligent course of journal-keeping. But it is not only the wild denizens of field and forest that are the subjects of Jefferies's study; he treats also in the fullest and most careful manner of almost every feature of agricultural life. In "Hodge and his Masters" we have a series of typical character-sketches of rustic society — the farmer, the gentleman farmer, the bailiff, the squire, the parson, the curate, the banker, the lawyer, and all the rest of the worshipful company who look to Hodge for service and support; while "Green Ferne Farm," albeit worthless as a novel, contains some very valuable pictures of hay-making, nutting, gleaming, church-going, merry-making, and various rustic scenes. It seems a sad mistake on the part of certain critics to blame Jefferies for this perfectly reasonable and indeed necessary extension of his scope, on the ground that he "would have done well to leave Hodge and Hodge's masters alone and keep to his beasts, and birds, and fishes."* Jefferies's wiser instinct prompted him to interpret the naturalist's duty in a larger sense, and to paint the country as a whole in which Hodge and his masters and the beasts and the fishes had alike to play their part. In this same connection he remarks of Gilbert White, to a reprint of whose famous work he himself contributed a preface, that "it must ever be regretted that he did not leave a natural history of the people of his day. We should then have had a picture of England just before the beginning of our present era, and a wonderful difference it would have shown." Future naturalists will not be able to lay any such omission to Jefferies's charge, for in these books of his, as his biographer has truly observed, "the whole of the country life of the nineteenth century will be found displayed down to every detail."

That a permanent historical value will attach to writings of this kind can hardly be doubted; they will be studied centuries hence, along with White's "Selborne" and a few similar works, as a chronicle of natural history — a museum to which artists and scientists will repair for instruction and entertainment. I cannot, however, at all agree with those of Jefferies's admirers who consider these volumes (to wit, the "Gamekeeper at Home," and the rest of the same class) to be his literary masterpieces, and who speak of them as exhibiting, in contrast with his later books, what they call his "simpler and better style;" I believe, with Mr. Walter Besant, that

Jefferies's word pictures of the country life are "far from being the most considerable part of his work." Certain advantages there are, beyond question, in the simple treatment of a clear, well-defined subject, the importance of which, so far as it goes, is universally recognized, and is not complicated by any admixture of religious mysticism or social controversy; such writing is at once more popular and less perilous than that which Jefferies afterwards went on to attempt. But a man's best and highest work is not necessarily that which is most successfully accomplished or most widely appreciated; nor is there anything at all conclusive in the fact that Jefferies's earlier volumes have a hundred readers where his later have ten — in the present state of "humane letters" such a verdict was inevitable, but it is none the less a verdict which posterity will some day rescind.

Jefferies's later style may perhaps be said to begin with "Wood Magic," published in 1881, though no doubt isolated examples may be noticed here and there in much earlier essays. The "poet-naturalist" here presents himself in a more difficult and ambitious character; for whereas hitherto the poet in Jefferies had been accessory and subordinate to the naturalist, the position is now reversed, and we find the poetical and imaginative element wielding complete supremacy over the merely descriptive and scientific.

He took the step [says his biographer] the vast step, across the chasm which separates the poetic from the vulgar mind, and began to clothe the real with the colors and glamour of the unreal; to write down the response of the soul to the phenomena of Nature; to interpret the voice of Nature speaking to the soul.

It should furthermore be noticed that, simultaneously with this advance in Jefferies's nature-worship, a deep feeling on religious and social subjects is manifested in his writings, and that he now at last finds utterance for his own distinctive views on many questions of great ethical importance which had hitherto, perhaps of necessity, gone almost unmentioned by him. Some critics no doubt deplore this new departure, and if they could have had their way, would have sent Jefferies back, like Keats to his gallipots, to the less hazardous, and less controversial topic of birds and fishes; I venture, on the contrary, to maintain that his very best and most memorable work is to be found in these imaginative and mystic essays of his later period, in the "Pageant of Summer," in "Hours of Spring," and above

* Views and Reviews, by W. E. Henley.

all in the wonderful and inimitable "Story of my Heart."

I have already said that the key to Jefferies's character is to be sought in his rich, sensuous temperament, full of passionate yearning for physical no less than spiritual beauty. His creed may be summed up in his own words: "I believe in the human being, mind and flesh, form and soul;" he held it to be the sacred duty of every man and woman to cultivate by all the means in their power all possibilities of physical health, inasmuch as a deficiency in bodily vigor must inevitably warp and stunt the corresponding vigor of the soul. An idealist of this kind could hardly fail to resent and rebel against the sordid, heartless conditions of modern society, in which half the grace and joy of living are strangled in the wolfish struggle of competitive existence; and accordingly we find Jefferies aiming many a shaft of scathing anger at those class notions and institutions in which respectability delights. He denounces the application of the word "pauper" to any human being as "the greatest, the vilest, the most unpardonable crime that could be committed;" charity organization is similarly referred to as a "spurious, lying, false, and abominable mockery;" while it is his deliberate opinion that "the more philanthropy is talked about, and especially scientific philanthropy, the more individual suffering there is." He directly asserts that the earth produces a superabundance of good things for human sustenance, and that every human being has an inalienable birthright in these good things.

Why, then, have we not enough? Why do people die of starvation, or lead a miserable existence on the verge of it? Why have millions upon millions to toil from morning till evening just to gain a mere crust of bread? Because of the absolute lack of organization by which such labor should produce its effect, the absolute lack of distribution, the absolute lack even of the very idea that such things are possible.

We are told by Mr. Besant that Jefferies "could never have called himself a Socialist, but he sympathized with that part of Socialism which claims for every man the full profit of the labor of his hands." The distinction, however, seems scarcely to amount to a difference; and there are many indications in Jefferies's later essays of his socialistic, or rather communistic, spirit—a spirit which is the more remarkable, because it developed itself quite spontaneously from his own personality, in direct opposition to all the associations

and surroundings of his youth and manhood. The result was a strange mixture of conflicting moods and opinions, for in all the immediate matters of "practical politics" Jefferies remained a moderate, or even in some degree conservative, thinker, while as regards his ideals of the changes impending in the future, he was heart and soul with the most advanced pioneers of social reform.

An innate distrust of all the precepts of custom and tradition was one of Jefferies's most noticeable characteristics; Thoreau himself was scarcely more contemptuous of conventional usages and restraints. "The longer people do one thing," he says, "the worse they do it, till in the end they cannot do it at all." Not to learn, but to unlearn, is the true vocation of the scholar, "to unlearn the first ideas of history, of science, of social institutions, to unlearn one's own life and purpose; to unlearn the old mode of thought and way of arriving at things; to take off peel after peel, and so get by degrees slowly towards the truth." He was of opinion that our whole mode of thought must be revolutionized before true progress is possible; "not while money, furniture, affected show, and the pageantry of wealth are the ambitions of the multitude can the multitude become ideal in form." It is precisely at this point that Jefferies's intense pessimism as regards the failure of the past merges into a strong optimistic faith in man's future capabilities, since the recognition of bygone error is an earnest of success to come.

Full well aware that all has failed, yet side by side with the sadness of that knowledge, there lives on in me an unquenchable belief that there is yet something to be found, something real, something to give each separate personality sunshine and flowers in its existence now.

This insistence on an ideal humanity, as the visible goal by which all progress must be measured, made Jefferies dissent not only from the orthodox sociology but also from many of the accepted methods and conclusions of contemporary science. Science is useful, he maintains, only when "it is in conjunction with the human ideal," and he boldly refuses to acknowledge the infallibility of such scientific axioms as the law of cause and effect and the "it must follow" of the logician; "however carefully the argument be built up," he says, "even though apparently flawless, there is no such thing at present as 'it must follow.'" He was, in short, an idealist and mystic far more than a man of science; and the leading notion in his

philosophy of nature is the concept of that almost inexpressible state of existence, beyond immortality, higher than deity, which he designates "soul-life." We call this mysticism; but it must not be forgotten that it is the mysticism of no mere visionary of the study or the cloister, but of one of the keenest and most painstaking observers that ever set eyes on nature; a mysticism which, as Jefferies himself asserts, is based not on the imaginary, but the real. "From standing face to face so long with the real earth, the real sun, and the real sea, I am firmly convinced that there is an immense range of thought quite unknown to us yet." The passages in the "Story of my Heart," where he seems to be dimly groping his way on the very confines of this spiritual dreamland, and striving to express in words ideas which he knows can only be apprehended by the emotions, are among the most moving and impressive in recent literature; none but Jefferies could have written them, so rich are they in their confident anticipation of future intellectual discoveries, so tenderly pathetic in the sadness of their personal retrospect.

But if the chief merits of Jefferies as a thinker are comprised in the essentially *human* aspect of his philosophy, it is in connection with this same topic that we have to note his chief shortcomings. Admirable as is the manner in which he exalts the human ideal as the crown of all culture, he not only goes too far, but weakens the force of his own contention, when he isolates human kind from the rest of nature as something wholly unrelated and apart. "There is nothing human," he says, "in any living animal. All nature, the universe as far as we can see, is anti, or ultra human, outside, it has no connection with man." He thus places himself in direct antagonism to the general tendency of contemporary ethics no less than of contemporary science, being compelled to assert dogmatically on the one hand, that "nothing is evolved; there is no evolution any more than there is design in nature," and on the other to stand aloof from that most beneficent and, in the truest sense, humanizing spirit which more and more is leading us to regard mankind as sharers in a universal brotherhood of all living things. And there is this obvious difficulty: why, if nature is wholly ultrahuman and indifferent, is communion with nature so strongly advocated by Jefferies as the surest training for the soul? Why, to quote his own words, do "all things seem possible in the open air"? To this question he gives no answer; nor is it easy

to see what answer can be given from this standpoint. "I was aware," he says, "that in reality the feeling and the thought were in me, and not in the earth or sun; yet I was more conscious of it when in company with these." But why, if there was no sympathy?

Many readers of Jefferies must, I imagine, have noticed with regret the contrast his character presents to that of Thoreau on the subject of man's relations with the lower animals. We wholly miss in Jefferies the sense of natural brotherhood, and consequent magnetic sympathy with the inhabitants of field and forest, which Thoreau possessed in as large a measure as St. Francis of Assisi, and which lend so singular a charm to the personality of the Walden hermit. The hunting instinct was strong in Jefferies; in Thoreau it was well-nigh extinct. Take, for example, their respective mention of the hare. "The hare," says Thoreau, "in its extremity cries like a child; I warn you, mothers, that my sympathies do not always make the usual *philanthropic* distinctions." It is Jefferies's opinion that "hares are almost formed on purpose to be good sport." And so in numerous other instances; while the one naturalist sees a sharp distinction between the human and the brute creation, the other expresses himself as "pathetically affected" by the human traits of animals, and surmises that among them, too, a civilization may even now be progressing.

This defect on Jefferies's part is indicative of something more than a want of sympathy in a particular direction; his whole philosophy, if such it can be called, for indeed he is rather prose-poet than philosopher, is devoid of a solid rational foundation. By his absolute disregard of the past, and sweeping contempt for every doctrine of historical succession, he leaves no *locus standi* for his own individuality, no logical starting-point for his own venturesome speculations. Right, triumphantly right, as he often proves in his social judgments, his success is due rather to his flashes of instinctive insight than to any trustworthy reliance on a connected train of reasoning. It is easy to sneer at this intellectual isolation, but it is possible that herein lies the secret of Jefferies's strength no less than of his failings; the reckless mariner, who cuts himself adrift from his moorings to run before the storm, may, perhaps, in some cases, get the first glimpse of the unknown shore.

The quality of Jefferies's literary style, as of his personal temperament, was rich, sensuous, lavish, diffuse. It has been said

that he was no artist, having no faculty of selection; that his work is not a picture, but "a long-drawn sequence of statements;" and that he was merely "bent on emptying his note-book in decent English." It cannot be denied that there is some truth in these strictures, as applied to a considerable portion of Jefferies's work, though by no means to all of it; for a more unequal writer never gave himself away to unfriendly critics. The cause of this inequality was undoubtedly the hard conditions of his life, which at times compelled him to write for money when he would gladly have matured his thoughts in quietude (he somewhere remarks that he "would infinitely rather be a tallow-chandler, with a good, steady income, than an author"), and at other times tempted him to play the part of an inferior novelist instead of a first-rate essayist. Furthermore it might justly be charged against him that there are some ugly solecisms scattered here and there in his volumes, and that his habit of adding explanatory dissertations to his remarks on outdoor life — accrescent layers of instruction sandwiched in between patches of narrative — is sometimes very trying to the patience of his readers. But when the reviewer goes so far as to assert that Jefferies lacked "the vitalizing imagination," and that his work is devoid of "the passionate human interest," then it is time to protest against this curiosity, not to say monstrosity, of mistaken criticism.

A white heat of fervid and passionate imagination everywhere underlies and inspires the "Story of my Heart" and the best of Jefferies's later essays; despite the simplicity and outward calmness of the language, no sympathetic reader (and what criticism can be discerning unless it be sympathetic?) will overlook the intensity of the human interest that is dominant throughout. It is said that the Wiltshire rustics, Jefferies's neighbors at Coate, were but little impressed with the spectacle of "Dick Jefferies moonin' on the Downs," when they chanced to meet the youthful naturalist absorbed in one of those passionate reveries of which he has left us an account — it is to be hoped that the critics will not give a similar but less pardonable exhibition of bucolic insensibility. To fail to appreciate the beauty of Jefferies's prose poems is positively not a matter for self-satisfaction. Monotonous his style may be, but only as the burden of a rippling stream is monotonous, flowing on from thought to thought in harmonious

sequence. For Jefferies is a great master of the refrain; like his favorite harbinger of summer warmth, the swallow, which from its circling, haunting flight, has been styled by another poet-naturalist *l'oiseau du retour*,* he loves to haunt and circle round and revisit some special phrase or cadence, whose repetition serves as a suggestive undertone to his melody. I have spoken of him as essayist and prose-poet; novelist he can hardly be called in the strict sense of the word, for the great charm of such books as "The Dewy Morn" and "Amaryllis at the Fair" consists in the exceedingly beautiful pictures of country life, rather than in the construction of narrative or the delineation of character.

Finally, there is that most striking fact about Jefferies — the reserve and solitude in which he shrouded his life; a man of retired habits, of few friends, he stood outside and apart from the whole circle of literary society. This aloofness is fully reflected in his writings, for in his general manner of thought and expression he resembles no other author, and appears to be indebted to no other; his faults and his merits are equally peculiar and distinctive. With Thoreau, as I have said, he has certain obvious natural affinities, in his love of open-air life and impatience of conventional institutions; there are passages which make the reader marvel how the son of a Wiltshire yeoman could write in a tone so similar to that of the Concord pencil-maker; but there is no evidence that Jefferies was acquainted with Thoreau's volumes, or was in any way influenced by his personality — of which, indeed, it seems probable that he never heard at all. In this present age of propagandism and proselytism, and introspective ethics, and concern for one's own and other people's souls, Jefferies had absolutely no part — thrift, hygiene, charity, philanthropy, and the rest of it, were to him simply unintelligible; his contemptuous references show that he made no effort to understand or appreciate them. He was a pagan, a pantheist, a worshipper of earth and sea, and above all, of the "great sun burning in the heaven;" he yearned for a free, natural, careless life of physical health and spiritual exultation, and for a death in harmony with the life that preceded it.

Could I have my own way after death [he said] I would be burned on a pyre of pine-wood, open to the air, and placed on the summit of the hills. Then let my ashes be

* W. E. Henley, *Athenaeum*, Dec. 8, 1880.

* Michelet, *L'Oiseau*.

scattered abroad—not collected in an urn—freely sown wide and broadcast.

There are few things more pathetic in the annals of our literature than the story of this solitary, unfortunate, yet brave-hearted man, who with "three great giants" against him, as he recorded in his journal, "disease, despair, and poverty," could yet nourish to the last an indomitable confidence in the happiness of future generations. But with the idealist's failure he had also the idealist's success, in the assurance that thought is in itself reality—that to have felt these hopes is in the truest sense to have realized them. In his own words: "To be beautiful and to be calm, without mental fear, is the ideal of nature. If I cannot achieve it, at least I can think it."

H. S. SALT.

From Longman's Magazine.

THE following paragraphs will seem strangely familiar to readers of this magazine, to which Richard Jefferies was so constant a contributor. They were accidentally found by Mrs. Jefferies and forwarded to the editor. They are but scraps, but they serve to recall the "touch of a vanished hand, the sound of a voice that is still."

THE GOLDEN-CRESTED WREN.

THIS lovely little bird is so small and light that it can cling suspended on the end of a single narrow leaf, or needle of pine, and it does not depress the least branch on which it may alight. The gold crest frequents the loneliest heath, the deepest pine wood, and the immediate neighborhood of dwellings indifferently. A Scotch fir or pine grew so near a house in which I once lived that the boughs almost brushed my window, and when confined to my room by illness, it gave me much pleasure to watch a pair of these wrens who frequently visited the tree. They are also fond of thick thorn hedges, and, like all birds, have their favorite localities, so that if you see them once or twice in one place you should mark the tree or bush, for there they are almost certain to return. It would be quite possible for a person to pass several years in the country and never see one of these birds. There is a trick in finding birds' nests, and a trick in seeing birds. The first I noticed was in an orchard; soon after I found a second in a yew-tree (close to a window), and after that constantly came upon them as they crept through brambles

or in hedgerows, or a mere speck up in a fir-tree. So soon as I had seen one I saw plenty.

AN EXTINCT RACE.

THERE is something very mournful in a deserted house, and the feeling is still further intensified if it happens to have once been a school, where a minor world played out its little drama, and left its history written on the walls. For a great boys' school is like a kingdom with its monarchs, its ministers, and executioners, and even its changes of dynasty. Such a house stood no long while since on the northern borderland of Wilts and Berks, a mansion in its origin back in the days of Charles II., and not utterly unconnected with the great events of those times, but which, for hard on a hundred years—from the middle of the eighteenth to the middle of the nineteenth century—was used as a superior grammar school, or college as it would now be called. Gradually falling in reputation, and supplanted by modern rivals for fifteen or twenty years, the huge, hollow halls and endless dormitories were silent, and the storms that sway with savage force down from the hills wreaked their will upon the windows and the rotting roof. Inside the refectory—the windows being blown in—and over the antique-carved mantelpiece, two swallows' nests had been built to the ceiling or cornice. The whitewashed walls were yellow and green with damp, and covered with patches of saltpetre efflorescence. But they still bore, legible and plain, the hasty inscriptions scrawled on them, years and years before, by hands then young, but by now returned to dust. The history of this little kingdom, the hopes and joys, the fears and hatreds of the subjects, still remained, and might be gathered from these writings on the walls, just as are the history of Egypt and of Assyria now deciphered from the palaces and tombs. Here were the names of the kings—the headmasters—generally with some rough dogrel verse, not often very flattering, and illustrated with outline portraits. Here were caricatures of the ushers and tutors, hidden in some corner of the dormitories once, no doubt, concealed by the furniture, coupled with the very freest personalities, mostly in pencil, but often done with a burnt stick. Dates were scattered everywhere—not often the year, but the day of the month, doubtless memorable from some expedition, or lark played off half a century since. Now and then there was a quotation from the classics—one describing the groaning and shouting of the

dying Hercules, till the rocks and the sad hills resounded, which irresistibly suggested the idea of a thorough caning. Other inscriptions were a mixture of Latin and any English words that happened to rhyme, together producing the most extraordinary jumble. Where now are the merry hearts that traced these lines upon the plaster in an idle mood? Attached to the mansion was a great garden, or rather wilderness, with yew hedges ten feet high and almost as thick, a splendid filbert walk, an orchard, with a sun-dial. It is all — mansion and garden, noble yew-tree and filbert walk, sun-dial and all — swept away now. The very plaster upon which generation after generation of boys recorded their history has been torn down, and has crumbled into dust. Greater kingdoms than this have disappeared since the world began, leaving not a sign even of their former existence.

ORCHIS MASCULA.

THE *Orchis mascula* grew in the brook corner and in early spring sent up a tall spike of purple flowers. This plant stood alone in an angle of the brook and a hedge, within sound of water ceaselessly falling over a dam. In those days it had an aspect of enchantment to me; not only on account of its singular appearance so different from other flowers, but because in old folios I had read that it could call up the passion of love. There was something in the root beneath the sward which could make a heart beat faster. The common, modern books — I call them common of malice prepense — were silent on these things. Their dry and formal knowledge was without interest, mere lists of petals and pistils, a dried herbarium of plants that fell to pieces at the touch of the fingers. Only by chipping away at hard old Latin, contracted and dogged in more senses than one, and by gathering together scattered passages in classic authors, could anything be learned. Then there arose another difficulty, how to identify the magic plants? The same description will very nearly fit several flowers, especially when not actually in flower; how determine which really was the true root? The uncertainty and speculation kept up the pleasure, till at last I should not have cared to have had the original question answered. With my gun under my arm I used to look at the orchis from time to time so long as the spotted leaves were visible till the grass grew too long.

THE most virtuous and learned of the evening papers has lately discovered a

new plagiarist. The sinner is a young lady of some eight summers, who recently made the innocent remark on being reminded of another lady by a pig. Mr. Du Maurier illustrated the harmless nursery legend in *Punch*, and the evening paper immediately announced that a similar unconscious jest had been made by a clown in a poem of Oliver Goldsmith. Some thing not very unlike it also appears in a speech in "L'Ecole des Femmes;" beyond this I cannot follow it, but Molière was a noted thief as the critics of his age took care to inform the public. Still, in the case of the little girl, the remark was original, for it is unlikely that she had ever even heard of Goldsmith or Molière. Her tender age and unsullied conscience have probably prevented her from defending her originality in the press, but as she is perhaps the youngest person ever charged with trusting to her memory for her jokes, I venture to offer this defence of her conduct.

THE Scottish angler has begun to find out that there is something in the low English cunning of the dry fly. Lately, on the Tummell, I and a northern angler saw some fish rising to a fly not unlike a "Greenwell's Glory." At the usual Scotch three wet flies on one cast they never glanced. The present writer, therefore, by precept much more than example, taught his Caledonian friend the trick, and he promptly cleared that pool of rising trout. They scarcely reached an average of three-quarters of a pound, but they looked much bigger when rising "heads and tails" at the fly. This April has been a very late season in the North. Snow shone low down on all the hills; if ever there was any wind it was an inconstant and freezing puff from the north-east. The big trout in Loch Tummell lay low, and no five-pounders, nor even three-pounders, perhaps, would look at the fly. When the loch was absolutely still, when the sun shone, and the fly came out, the monsters began to move, showing their broad backs and greedy snouts. Perhaps it is possible to take Loch Tummell trout with the dry fly, but it is, of course, infinitely more difficult than in a river, owing to the absence of current. Any master who can do this trick would have rare sport on Loch Tummell. The loch is proverbially "dour;" you whip, and whip, and, in a frozen April, never see a fin. In fact, you might as well be salmon-fishing. The prizes are great, but they seldom come to hand.